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A JOURNAL FOR READERS, PUBLISHERS, LIBRARIANS, ARTISTS, AND ART-MANUFACTURERS, AND BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

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## NOTICE.

WE have a gratifying announcement to make to our friends. THE CRITIC has been adopted by the *Law Property Assurance and Trust Society*, as the organ for making known to the public the peculiar objects, plans and uses, as well as the proceedings of their Institution,—in many respects new and important. For this purpose a copy of THE CRITIC will henceforth be regularly sent, free of charge, to every Public Reading-room in the United Kingdom.

It is obvious that this will make THE CRITIC a medium for Advertisements and the diffusion of Literary Intelligence, such as Publishers and Authors cannot elsewhere find.

Frequent double numbers will more than compensate readers for the space occupied by the Society.

N. B.—This extends only to PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS, and not to the Reading Rooms of private Proprietors.

## PHILOSOPHY

*The Phantom World; or the Philosophy of Spirits, Apparitions, &c.* By AUGUSTINE CALMET. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by the Rev. HENRY CHRISTMAS, M.A., F.R.S. In 2 vols. London: Bentley.

CALMET was born in 1672, at a village in Lorraine. In his sixteenth year he became a Benedictine of the Congregation of St. Vannes, and exhibited much aptitude for study, and such knowledge of the Scriptures, that, in his twenty-second year, he was appointed sub-prior of the monastery of Munster, in Alsace, where he presided over an academy of ten or twelve monks, whose object was the investigation of Scripture. He published, first, *A Commentary on the Old and New Testament*, and then his famous *History of the Bible*, still a text book. In 1718, he was elected to the Abbey of St. Leopold, in Nancy, and ten years afterwards to that of Senones, where he spent the remainder of his days, exercising himself actively in literary pursuits, and bringing out numerous works, which attained more or less of popularity. He died in 1757, at a mature old age.

The most popular of his works was *The Phantom World*. It passed rapidly through several editions, and received in its progress numerous corrections and additions. It is, in fact, as Mr. CHRISTMAS has termed it, "a vast repertory of legends," some probable, some impossible. He appears to have exercised very little judgment in selection, narrating all the extraordinary stories that were told him, without troubling himself as to their authenticity, taking from obscure authors in whom no credit could be placed. But the very extraordinary character of the stories adds to their value now, as showing what was believed by our forefathers. In many of them, perhaps, the philosopher might trace the germs of truth, and in more the presence of arts then not generally known, though now familiar to the whole public. It must be remembered, too, that CALMET was a devout churchman, and, though sufficiently acute to detect imposition in legends out of the Church, he opens his mouth and gravely swallows the most astounding marvels when coming from the Church.

Such a book, by such a man, cannot but have a curious interest now, and Mr. CHRISTMAS has done good service by his excellent translation of it, and by the very judicious notes with which he has enriched it. From its very nature, it is not a book to be pursued page by page, but we shall glean from it some of the most curious and amusing of its narratives, for the double purpose of introducing its contents to the public, and entertaining our readers, so that they may be tempted to seek further amusement in the volume.

CALMET first asserts the appearance of good angels, and the most usual shape in which they appear to be the human form: for such appearances, he cites the testimony of all the nations of antiquity.

The bad angels are next treated of. Their usual shape is human also, but they do appear in other forms:

Melancthon owns that he has seen several spectres, and conversed with them several times; and Jerome Cardan affirms that his father, Fassius Cardanus, saw demons whenever he pleased, apparently in a human form. Bad spirits sometimes appear also under the figure of a lion, a dog, or a cat, or some other animal—as a bull, a horse, or a raven; for the pretended sorcerers and sorceresses relate that at the (witches') sabbath he is seen under different forms of men, animals, and birds; whether he takes the shapes of these animals themselves as instruments to deceive or harm, or whether he simply affects the senses and imagination of those whom he has fascinated, and who give themselves to him; for in all the appearances of the demon we must always be upon our guard, and mistrust his stratagems and malice.

CALMET has the most confident belief in magic, of which he adduces a great number of instances, especially from the Fathers. We cite one authority only:

St. Augustine testifies that in his time many believed that these transformations still took place, and some persons even affirmed that they had experienced them in their own persons. He adds, that when in Italy, he was told that certain women gave cheese to strangers who lodged at their houses, when these strangers were immediately changed into beasts of burden, without losing their reason, and carried the loads which were placed upon them; after which they returned to their former state. He says, moreover, that a certain man, named Præstantius, related that his father, having eaten of this magic cheese, remained lying in bed, without any one being able to awaken him, for several days, when he awoke, and said that he had been changed into a horse, and had carried victuals to the army; and the thing was found to be true, although it appeared to him to be only a dream.

In witches and sorcerers he has implicit faith. Thus did Pope GREGORY IX. write of

## WITCH INITIATION.

Pope Gregory IX., in a letter addressed to the Archbishop of Mayence, the Bishop of Hildesheim, and Doctor Conrad, in 1234, thus relates the abominations of which they accused the heretic Stadingians. "When they receive" says he, "a novice, and when he enters their assemblies for the first time, he sees an enormous toad, as big as a goose, or bigger. Some kiss it on the mouth, some kiss it behind. Then the novice meets a pale man with very black eyes, and so thin that he is only skin and bones. He kisses him, and feels that he is cold as ice. After this kiss, the novice easily forgets the Catholic faith; afterwards they hold a feast together; after which a black cat comes down behind a statue, which usually stands in the room where they assemble.

The novice first of all kisses the cat on the back, then he who presides over the assembly, and the others who are worthy of it. The imperfect receive only a kiss from the master; they promise obedience; after which they extinguish the lights, and commit all sorts of disorders. They receive every year, at Easter, the Lord's Body; and carry it in their mouth to their own houses, when they cast it away. They believe in Lucifer, and say that the Master of Heaven has unjustly and fraudulently thrown him into hell. They believe also that Lucifer is the creator of celestial things, that he will re-enter into glory after having thrown down his adversary, and that through him they will gain eternal bliss." This letter bears date the 13th of June, 1233.

## Here is a terrible story:

Spranger, in the *Malleus Maleficorum*, relates that in Suabia, a peasant who was walking in his fields with his little girl, a child about eight years of age, complained of the drought, saying, Alas! when will God give us some rain? Immediately the little girl told him that she could bring him some down whenever he wished it. He answered,—"And who has taught you that secret?" My mother, said she, "who has strictly forbidden me to tell any body of it."

"And what did she do to give you this power?"

"She took me to a master, who comes to me as many times as I call him."

"And have you seen this master?"

"Yes," said she, "I have often seen men come to my mother's house, she has devoted me to one of them."

After this dialogue, the father asked her how she could do to make it rain upon his field only? She asked but for a little water; he led her to a neighbouring brook, and the girl having called the water in the name of him to whom she had been devoted by her

mother, they beheld directly abundance of rain falling on the peasant's field.

The father, convinced that his wife was a sorceress, accused her before the judges, who condemned her to be burnt. The daughter was baptized, and vowed to God, but she then lost the power of making it rain at her will.

The most remarkable proof of holiness was the ecstasy in which, according to the Fathers, the Saint was lifted bodily off the ground, and remained suspended in the air.

After collecting all the legends relating to spirits that are said to frequent mines, CALMET gravely remarks—

Notwithstanding all that we have just related, I doubt very much if there any spirits in mountain caves or in mines. I have interrogated on the subject people of the trade and miners by profession, of whom there is a great number in our mountains, the Vosges, who have assured me, that all which is related on that point is fabulous; that if sometimes they see these elves or grotesque figures, it must be attributed to a heated and prepossessed imagination; or else that the circumstance is so rare, that it ought not to be repeated as something usual or common.

Here is a curious case of

#### TREASURE TROVE.

The following is extracted from a letter, written from Kirchheim, January 1st, 1747, to M. Schopflein, Professor of History and Eloquence at Strasburg. "It is now more than a year ago, that M. Cavallari, first musician of my Serene master, and by birth a Venetian, desired to have the ground dug up at Rothenkirchen, a league from hence, and which was formerly a renowned abbey, and was destroyed in the time of the Reformation. The opportunity was afforded him by an apparition, which showed itself more than once at noon-day to the wife of the Censier of Rothenkirchen, and above all, on the 7th of May for two succeeding years. She swears, and can make oath, that she has seen a venerable priest in pontifical garments embroidered with gold, who threw before her a great heap of stones; and although she is a Lutheran, and consequently not very credulous in things of that kind, she thinks nevertheless that if she had had the presence of mind to put down a handkerchief or an apron all the stones would have become money.

M. Cavallari then asked leave to dig there, which was the more readily granted, because the tithe or tenth part of the treasure is due to the sovereign. He was treated as a visionary, and the matter of treasure was regarded as an unheard-of thing. In the meantime he laughed at the anticipated ridicule, and asked me if I would go halves with him. I did not hesitate a moment to accept this offer; but I was much surprised to find there were some little earthen pots full of gold pieces, all these pieces finer than the ducats of the fourteenth and fifteenth century generally are. I have had for my share 666, found at three different times. There are some of the Archbishops of Mayence, Treves and Cologne, of the towns of Oppenheim, Baccarat, Bingen and Colentz; there are some also of the Palatine Rupert, of Frederic, Burgrave of Nuremberg, some few of Wenceslaus, and one of the Emperor Charles IV. &c.

We do not remember to have seen before the following

#### LEGEND OF HAMELIN.

The following instance is so extraordinary, that I should not repeat it if the account were not attested by more than one writer, and also preserved in the public monuments of a considerable town of Upper Saxony; this town is Hamelin in the principality of Kalenberg, at the confluence of the rivers Hamel and Weser.

In the year 1384, this town was infested by such a prodigious multitude of rats, that they ravaged all the corn which was laid up in the granaries; every thing was employed that art and experience could invent to chase them away, and whatever is usually employed against this kind of animals. At that time there came to the town an unknown person, of taller stature than ordinary, dressed in a robe of divers colours, who engaged to deliver them from that scourge, for a certain recompense which was agreed upon.

Then he drew from his sleeve a flute, at the sound of which all the rats came out of their holes and followed him; he led them straight to the river, into which they ran and were drowned. On his return he asked for the promised reward, which was refused him, apparently on account of the facility with which he had exterminated the rats. The next day, which was a fête day, he chose the moment when the elder inhabitants of the burgh were at church, and by means of another flute which he began to play, all the boys in the town above the age of fourteen, to the number of a hundred and thirty, assembled round him: he led them to the neighbouring mountain, named Kopfberg, under which is a sewer for the town, and where criminals are executed; these boys disappeared and were never seen afterwards.

A young girl, who had followed at a distance, was witness in the matter, and brought the news of it to the town.

They still show a hollow in this mountain, where they say that he made the boys go in. At the corner of this opening is an inscription, which is so old that it cannot now be deciphered; but the story is represented on the panes of the church windows; and it is said, that in the public deeds of this town it is still the custom to put the dates in this manner:—"Done in the year —, after the disappearance of our children."

To conclude with some

#### JUGGLING TRICKS.

Albertus Magnus relates, that there had been seen in Germany two brothers, one of whom passing near a door securely locked, and presenting his left side, would cause it to open of itself; the other brother had the same virtue in the right side. St. Augustine says, that there are men who move their two ears one after another, or both together, without moving their heads; others, without moving it also, make all the skin of their head with the hair thereon come down over their forehead, and put it back as it was before; some imitate so perfectly the voices of animals, that it is almost impossible not to mistake them. We have seen men speak from the hollow of the stomach, and make themselves heard as if speaking from a distance, although they were close by. Others swallow an incredible quantity of different things, and by tightening their stomachs ever so little, throw up whole, as from a bag, whatever they please. Last year, in Alsatia, there was seen and heard a German who played on two French horns at once, and gave airs in two parts, the first and second, at the same time.

Should leisure and space permit, we may return once more to these curious volumes.

*The Theory of Human Progression, and Natural Probability of a Reign of Justice.* London: Johnston and Co. 1850.

The greatness of his design has compelled the author of this volume to range over almost every branch of knowledge, and to produce a book too ponderous, we fear, for the taste of the times, which inclines to brevity and compression, because life is so short, and there is so much more to be read and done in it than formerly. Here we have, in fact, a treatise on the science of politics, conceived in a liberal spirit, and written with much thoughtfulness. We cannot say that many new truths are developed, but old ones are made more impressive and intelligible by the manner in which they are arrayed and illustrated. The author begins with a review of the elements of human progression, embracing the manner in which laws have been made, and the results of the combination of knowledge and reason—its uses and operation. He then proceeds to propound his theory of man's intellectual progression: he endeavours to determine the character, position, and boundaries of political science; in which, as it seems to us, he is not sufficiently practical; but, in a subsequent chapter, he compares man's actual, with his theoretical, possible progress, and thence deduces the satisfactory conclusion that there exists a strong probability that a true reign of justice may yet arrive, to which the progress of science will mainly contribute. He then endeavours to show how the progression, in which he has so firm a faith, will operate upon the political condition of the world, and he concludes with a brief historical sketch of

the sentiments of the human minds which have ruled society, and with an endeavour to "appreciate the psychological development of man through historic manifestations." There is much to stimulate reflection in this volume, which may be commended to the study of the thoughtful. The author is at least entitled to commendation for industry and earnestness. We are not so satisfied with his logic.

#### HISTORY.

*Historical View of the Languages and Literature of the Slavic Nations; with a Sketch of their Popular Poetry.* By TALVI. With a Preface by EDWARD ROBINSON, D.D., LL.D., Author of "Biblical Researches in Palestine," &c. London: Putnam.

THE great plough of Revolution, though driven rudely over the field of empire, turns up the soil, disclosing the richness of past eras in the intellectual history of nations, and prepares it for the seed of new harvests of production. The recent disruption of the settled order of things throughout the continent of Europe, has summoned the attention of scholars and thinkers to that quarter of the world; and among others, to the Slavic nations of the North, involving, as the author of the present work justly claims, the history of intellectual culture in one of its largest geographical and ethnological divisions. The introduction by Dr. ROBINSON, with modest dignity, states the ground on which this view is undertaken, and points out the authorities by which its correctness and reliability are guaranteed. The work itself fully sustains the guarantee of its learned editor. Its method is full and excellent: neatly divided into elementary periods of progress and decline, accompanied with a judicious analysis of the morality and national phases of the separate eras. In its philological discussions it is extremely accurate and careful, and furnishes to the least informed reader the keys by which to unlock the remote treasures of the distant nationalities of which it treats. Despite the modest disclaimer of the editor, in behalf of the retiring author, we cannot imagine a more thorough and comprehensive survey of the Slavic literature. The four parts into which the work is divided are devoted, respectively, to the History of the old or church Slavic Language and Literature; the Eastern Slavi; Western Slavi; Sketch of the Popular Poetry of the Slavic Nations; extending from the earliest mythology of that wide-spreading people down to the contemporary writers of the race. Among these, in the notice of the most popular, NIEMCEWICZ, we find mention of an interesting circumstance new to general history:

The following are further regarded among their countrymen as poets of the first rank, viz., Niemcewicz, Brodzinski, Bishop Woroniez, and Mickiewicz. Julius Niemcewicz is also known by his political fortunes and influence, and is equally esteemed as a historian, and for his poetical talents. The eloquence which he exhibited in the diet of 1788-92, as the *nuntius* or deputy of Lithuania, laid the foundation of his fame. When his country was lost, after having fought at the side of Kosciuszko and shared his fate as a prisoner, he accompanied this great man to America, where he associated with Washington, whose life he has since described. His eulogy on Kosciuszko is considered as a masterpiece. His principal works are his historical songs, his dramas, and his "Reign of Sigismund III." Whatever he writes evinces more than common talent; as to which his friends only deplore that he has scattered them so much; or, according to the expression of the author of the Letters on Poland, that "his genius was too eager in embracing at once so much within its



potent grasp; and thus, instead of concentrating his powers, lessened their brilliant beams, by diffusing them over too wide a horizon."

The influence of the French school upon Polish Literature is justly exhibited:

In the whole domain of poetry, there is no branch in which the Poles manifested a greater want of original power, than the dramatic. Here the influence of the French school was most decided, and indeed exclusive. We have seen above what pains were taken by the most distinguished men of the nation, to establish a national stage; to which they looked, not in the light of a frivolous amusement, but as a school for purifying and elevating the national language and literary taste, and also as a means of correcting vice by ridiculing it. In this view several clergymen wrote for the theatre. The Jesuit Bohomolec wrote the first original comedies in 1757; other comedies, valuable as pictures of the time, were written by Bishop Kossakowski. Prince Czartoryski we have mentioned above as a writer of dramas. Zablocki, Lipinski, Osinski, Kowalski, and others, transplanted the French masterpieces to the Polish stage, or imitated them. The actors, Boguslawski, Bielawski, and Zolkowski, wrote original pieces. Tragedies, mostly on subjects of Polish history, were written by Niemcewicz, Felinski, Dembowski, Slowacki, Kropinski, Hofmann, and F. Wenzky, whose "Glinski" is considered as the best Polish production of this kind. The most popular comedies in recent times are by Count Fredro, who is called the Polish Molière. The Polish stage is still richer in melo-dramas, especially rural pictures in a dramatic form; of which Niemcewicz's piece, "John Kochanowski," is a fine specimen.

Among the peculiarities of the Slavic popular poetry, we find a trait which marks all poetical literature in its early stages:

The frequency of standing epithets, characteristic more or less of all popular poetry, is particularly observable among the Slavic nations. The translator will be troubled to find corresponding terms; but whatever he may select, it is essential always to employ the same; for instance, he must not translate the far-extended idea of *bjeloi*, white, alternately by *white*, *bright*, *snowy*, *fair*. In Slavic, not only things really white are called so, but everything *laudable* and *beautiful* is called white; as, the *white* God, i. e. the good God; the *white* Tzar, i. e. the monarch of *white*, or great and powerful, Russia. In most cases the poet himself no longer thinks of the signification and original meaning of the word. Yards, walls, bodies, breasts, hands, etc., are invariably *white*; even the breast and the hand of the tawny Moor. The sea is seldom mentioned without the epithet *blue*; Russian heroes have *black* hair, but the head of Serbian hero is called *Rusja glava*, fair-haired, with a reddish shade. Russian youths, together with their steeds, are invariably *dobroe*, that is, good or brave; the heart is in the poetry of the same nation *retivoe*, cheerful, rash, light. The sun is in Serbian *yarko*, bright; in Russian *krasnoi*, which signifies fair and red. Doves are in both languages *grey*. How much the poets are accustomed to these epithets, and how heedlessly they use them, appears from a Serbian tale, called "Haykuna's Wedding," a charming poem, and even much more elaborated than is common, where the breasts of a beautiful girl are compared to two great doves. To remind our reader of popular poetry, Homer, and of the like use by him of stereotype epithets, is unnecessary.

The Moral Character of the Slavic Poetry falls under condemnation, with a proper limitation as to the quality of its departures from propriety:

It remains to speak of the moral character of Slavic popular poetry. If, in respect to its decency, we may judge from the printed collections, we must be struck with the purity of manners among the Slavic nations, and the unpollutedness of their imagination. Hacquet, speaking of the Slovenzi or Vindes, the Slavic inhabitants of Carniola, states that the songs with which they accompany their dances are often indecent. But there is little dependence to be placed on judgments of this description. Sometimes expressions and ideas are rashly called indecent, which only differ from the conventional forms of decency without really violating its

laws. Hacquet moreover only half understood those songs of the Slovenzi. We will at least not condemn them without having seen them. Among the Russian songs, there are some of a certain wanton and equivocal character, displaying with perfect *naïveté* a scarcely half-veiled sensuality. The boldness with which these songs are sung in chorus by young peasant women, has often excited the astonishment of foreigners. The number of ballads of this description, however, so far as we are informed, is not considerable; and the character of Russian love-ballads in general is pure and chaste. As for the Servians, they have in fact a great multitude of songs of a very marked levity and frivolity; and Goethe, when these first appeared in the German version of Gerhardt, could not help finding it remarkable that two nations, one half barbarous, the other the most practised of all (*die durchgeübteste*, meaning the French), should meet together on the step of frivolous lyric poetry.

A brief reference explains the collection of the ballads of Philip the Blind:

The difficulties Vuk Stephanovitch met with in collecting these wonderful ballads, were not small. He was often hardly able to prevail on the young men and girls to recite, still less to sing before him; partly from a natural shyness to exhibit themselves before a stranger; partly because his search after effusions which had so little value in their eyes, and his attempt to fix them by writing, seemed to them an idle and useless occupation. The only reason which they could conceive for it was, that the learned idler meant to ridicule them; and his request was frequently answered by the words: "We are no blind men to sing or recite songs to you."

Among the most agreeable features of the work, not least, although the last to be considered, are the admirable poetic translations of the author; like the following, simple, clear, and characteristic:

Flying came a pair of coal black ravens  
Far away from the broad field of Mishar,  
Far from Shabat, from the high white fortress;  
Bloody were their beaks unto the eyelids,  
Bloody were their talons to the ankles;  
And they flew along the fertile Matsva.  
Waded quickly through the billowy Drina,  
Journeyed onward through the honoured Bosnia,  
Lighting down upon the hateful border,  
'Midst within the accursed town of Vakup,  
On the dwelling of the captain Kulini;  
Lighting down and croaking as they lighted.

And following this, the touching little ballad:

#### THE ORPHAN'S LAMENT.

Far more unhappy in the world am I,  
Than on the meadow the bird that doth fly.  
Little bird merrily flits to and fro,  
Sings its sweet carol upon the green bough.

I, alas, wander wherever I will,  
Everywhere I am desolate still!

No one befriends me, wherever I go,  
But my own heart full of sorrow and woe!

Cease thy grief, oh my heart, full of grief,  
Soon will a time come that giveth the relief.

Never misfortune has struck me so hard,  
But I ere long again better have fared.

God of all else in the world has enough;  
Why not then widows and orphans enough?

#### MEDICINE.

*The Nature and Cure of Consumption, Indigestion, Scrofula, and Nervous Affections.*  
By G. CALVERT HOLLAND, M.D. London:  
Orr and Co.

DR. HOLLAND maintains the theory that the source of almost all diseases is to be sought in the nervous system. We are inclined to agree with him to some extent; we are all too apt to refer to the diseased organ as the seat of the disease. Doubtless it is so sometimes, nay, often, but the distinction we would suggest to Dr. HOLLAND is this: that all diseased *function* has its source in the nervous system. Thus, if the stomach has a cancer, the disease is not nervous, but organic; but indigestion, which

is the imperfect performance by the stomach of its special function, is not a *disease* whose seat is the stomach, but one of which the disordered function is only a *symptom*. The true reason *why* the stomach does not properly perform its duty of digestion, if there be no *organic* disease, is, that the nerves do not supply it with sufficient of vital energy to enable it to do so.

It is the same with many other diseases, which medicine has hitherto treated as local, and for which local remedies have been resorted to. In scrofula, for instance, nothing can be more clear than the manner in which the morbid condition is produced. What is scrofula? Let us attempt to analyse it. By means of the vital energy, nervous fluid, or by whatever name we may be pleased to term that unknown something which is conveyed from the brain by means of the nervous system, to all parts of the frame, we say by means of this nervous energy the waste of the system is repaired, and the particles of nutriment are conveyed in the blood, and deposited by the arteries, and converted into flesh. When the nervous energy is sufficient in quantity, and good in quality, this function is properly performed, and the process is completed insensibly and perfectly; but, if there be not enough of nervous energy, the function is imperfectly performed—the particles deposited by the blood are only imperfectly, or not at all, converted into flesh, bone, tissue, &c., they form abscesses, and are thrown off in the shape of pus. This is scrofula. The conclusion is important, for it indicates the cure. A scrofulous or strumous habit is one in which the nervous functions have not energy enough for the performance of their duties; the remedy must consequently be applied to the nervous system—whatever stimulates the *nerves*, and promotes *vitality*, will go to relieve scrofula.

If this be so with scrofula, it seems to us that there is good reason for concluding that it might be so with consumption, which *appears* to be (for that is as yet a moot point in medicine) scrofula showing itself in the lungs. Certainly, the probability is, that remedies directed to the nervous system would be more likely to stay the progress of consumption, if not to effect a positive cure, than any topical remedies. This is Dr. HOLLAND's theory, and we suspect he is right.

We have not space to follow Dr. HOLLAND through the clear and convincing argument by which he maintains his positions and applies them practically to the relief and cure of the various forms of indigestion, consumption, &c. He has addressed himself, not to the faculty only, but to the general public, and written in language which everybody can understand. We cordially recommend the perusal of this volume by all who are themselves suffering, or who have friends that suffer, from either of the maladies of which it treats.

*Epitome of the Homœopathic Domestic Medicine.* By J. LAURIE, M.D.

A FAMILIAR treatise on Homœopathy, which has made itself respectable and respected even by those who are not converted to its doctrines. Having often considered them, the conclusions at which we have personally arrived is, that they have a great deal of truth in them, mingled with some fallacies. Their principle is right, but its application wrong: they carry it to extremes. The worst, however, that can be said of them is, that they do no harm, if they do no good. Not so with *allopathy*: if it does no good, it is positive mischief—if its medicines are *wrong*, they must be damaging to health and life.

## BIOGRAPHY.

*The Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey.*  
Edited by his Son, the Rev. CHARLES C.  
SOUTHEY, M.A. Vol. 4. London: Long-  
man. 1850.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

IN 1817 SOUTHEY was greatly annoyed by a republication of his juvenile poem of *Wat Tyler*, by some disreputable bookseller; its republican sentiments contrasting amusingly with his present contributions to the *Quarterly Review*. He thus narrates to Messrs. LONGMAN and Co.:

## THE ORIGIN OF WAT TYLER.

In the year 1794, this manuscript was placed by a friend of mine (long since deceased) in Mr. Ridgeway's hands. Being shortly afterwards in London myself for a few days, I called on Mr. Ridgeway, in Newgate, and he and Mr. Symonds agreed to publish it. I understood that they had changed their intention, because no proof sheet was sent me, and acquiescing readily in their cooler opinion, made no inquiry concerning it. More than two years elapsed before I revisited London; and then, if I had thought of the manuscript, it would have appeared a thing of too little consequence to take the trouble of claiming it for the mere purpose of throwing it behind the fire. That it might be published surreptitiously at any future time, was a wickedness of which I never dreamt.

To these facts I have made oath. Mr. Winterbottom, a dissenting minister, has sworn, on the contrary, that Messrs. Ridgeway and Symonds having declined the publication, it was undertaken by himself and Daniel Isaac Eaton; that I gave them the copy as their own property, and gave them, moreover, a fraternal embrace, in gratitude for their gracious acceptance of it; and that he said Winterbottom verily believed he had a right now, after an interval of three-and-twenty years, to publish it as his own.

My recollection is perfectly distinct, notwithstanding the lapse of time; and it was likely to be so, as I was never, on any other occasion, within the walls of Newgate. The work had been delivered to Mr. Ridgeway; it was for him that I inquired, and into his apartments I was shown. There I saw Mr. Symonds, and there I saw Mr. Winterbottom also, whom I knew to be a dissenting minister. I never saw Daniel Isaac Eaton in my life; and as for the story of the embrace, every person who knows my disposition and manners, will at once perceive it to be an impudent falsehood. Two other persons came into the room while I was there; the name of the one was Lloyd,—I believe he had been an officer in the army; that of the other was Barrow. I remembered him a bishop's boy at Westminster. I left the room with an assurance that Messrs. Ridgeway and Symonds were to be the publishers; in what way Winterbottom might be connected with them, I neither knew nor cared, and Eaton I never saw. There is no earthly balance in which oaths can be weighed against each other; but character is something in the scale; and it is perfectly in character that the man who has published Wat Tyler under the present circumstances, should swear,—as Mr. Winterbottom has sworn.

Thus much concerning the facts. As to the work itself, I am desirous that my feelings should neither be misrepresented nor misunderstood. It contains the statement of opinions which I have long outgrown, and which are stated more broadly because of this dramatic form. Were there a sentiment or an expression which bordered upon irreligion or impurity, I should look upon it with shame and contrition; but I can feel neither for opinions of universal equality, taken up as they were conscientiously in early youth, acted upon in disregard of all worldly considerations, and left behind me in the same straightforward course as I advanced in years. The piece was written when such opinions, or rather such hopes and fears, were confined to a very small number of the educated classes; when those who were deemed Republicans were exposed to personal danger from the populace; and when a spirit of anti-Jacobinism prevailed, which I cannot characterize better than by saying that it was as blind and as intolerant as the Jacobinism of the present day. The times have changed.

He obtained an injunction against the publisher, but not until 60,000 copies of the work had been sold, so that the speculation was a profitable one.

At this time he was offered the Editorship of *The Times*, with a salary of 2,000*l.* a year, but declined it, as not suited to his habits, and then he departed for another tour in Switzerland.

At Paris, he met the renowned traveller

## HUMBOLDT.

I saw Humboldt at Paris; never did any man portray himself more perfectly in his writings than he has done. His excessive volubility, his fullness of information, and the rapidity with which he fled from every fact into some wide generalization, made you more acquainted with his intellectual character in half an hour than you would be with any other person in half a year. Withal, he appeared exceedingly good-natured and obliging. It was at Mackenzie's that I met him.

SOUTHEY appears to have formed the same opinion as was afterwards expressed by MACAULAY, and seems now in progress of development, as to

## THE PROGRESS OF CATHOLICISM.

The state of religious feeling appears to differ much in different parts of France. In most places we found that the churches were very ill attended, but at Auxerre they were so full that we literally could not decently walk in to examine them as we wished to have done. In Switzerland the Protestant cantons have suffered more than the Catholic ones. I had good opportunities of inquiring into this in the Pays de Vaud, and the state of religion in Geneva is now notorious. Upon the banks of the Rhine all the inhabitants who were not actually employed in the fields seemed to be busy in performing a pilgrimage. It was a most striking sight to see them; men, women, and children toiling along bareheaded, under a July sun, singing German hymns. I suspect that the progress of irreligion has kept pace with the extent of French books in the Catholic part of Europe, and that where they have not found their way the people remain in the same state as before. But if things remain quiet for one generation the Catholic Church will recover its ascendancy; its clergy are wise as serpents, and with all their errors one cannot, considering all things, but heartily wish them success.

Here is some useful

## ADVICE TO A LITERARY ASPIRANT.

The most profitable line of composition is reviewing. You have good footing in the *Quarterly*, and I am glad of it, for heretofore there has been vile criticism in that journal upon poetry, and upon fine literature in general. This connection need not preclude you from writing for the *British Review*. Translation is of all literary labour the worst paid; that is, of all such labour as is paid at all: and yet there are so many poor hungry brethren and sisters of the grey goose-quill upon the alert, that new books are sent out from France and Germany by the sheet as they pass through the press, lest the translation should be forestalled.

Anything which is not bargained for with the book-sellers is, of course, matter of speculation, and success is so much a matter of accident (that is to say, temporary success) in literature, that the most knowing of them are often as grievously deceived as a young author upon his first essay. Biography, however, is likely to succeed; and, with the London libraries at hand, the research for it would be rather pleasurable than toilsome. History, which is the most delightful of all employments (*experto crede*), is much less likely to be remunerated. I have not yet received so much for the History of Brazil as for a single article in the *Quarterly Review*. But there are many fine subjects which, if well handled, might prove prizes in the lottery. A history of Charles I. and the Interregnum, or of all the Stuart kings, upon a scale of sufficient extent, and written upon such principles as you would bring to it, would be a valuable addition to the literature of our country,—useful to others, as well as honourable to yourself. Venice offers a rich story, and one which, unhappily, is now complete. Sweden, also, is a country

fruitful in splendid and memorable events. For this, indeed, it would be necessary to acquire the Norse languages. Sharon Turner acquired them, and the Welsh to boot, for a similar purpose, without neglecting the duties of his practice. It may almost be asserted that men will find leisure for whatever they seriously desire to do.

He was, in 1818, visited by

## WILBERFORCE.

Wilberforce, also, has been here with all his household, and such a household! The principle of the family seems to be that, provided the servants have faith, good works are not to be expected from them, and the utter disorder which prevails in consequence is truly farcical. The old coachman would figure upon the stage. Upon making some complaint about the horses, he told his master and mistress that since they had been in this country they had been so lake-and-river-and-mountain-and-valley-mad, that they had thought of nothing which they ought to think of. I have seen nothing in such pell-mell, topsy-turvy, and chaotic confusion as Wilberforce's apartments since I used to see a certain breakfast-table in Skeleton Corner. His wife sits in the midst of it like Patience on a monument, and he frisks about as if every vein in his body were filled with quicksilver; but, withal, there is such a constant hilarity in every look and motion, such a sweetness in all his tones, such a benignity in all his thoughts, words, and actions, that all sense of his grotesque appearance is presently overcome, and you can feel nothing but love and admiration for a creature of so happy and blessed a nature.

In his own cheerful style is a letter to Mr. C. H. TOWNSEND, containing his

## RECOLLECTIONS OF TRAVEL.

The most completely comfortless hours in a man's life (abstracted from all real calamity) are those which he spends alone at an inn, waiting for a chance in a stage-coach. Time thus spent is so thoroughly disagreeable that the act of getting into the coach, and resigning yourself to be jumbled for four-and-twenty or eight-and-forty hours, like a mass of inert matter, becomes a positive pleasure. I always prepare myself for such occasions with some closely-printed pocket volume, of pregnant matter, for which I should not be likely to afford leisure at other times. Erasmus' Colloquies stood me in good stead for more than one journey; Sir Thomas More's *Utopia* for another. When I was a school-boy I loved travelling, and enjoyed it, indeed, as long as I could say *omnia mea mecum*; that is, as long as I could carry with me an undivided heart and mind, and had nothing to make me wish myself in any other place than where I was. The journey from London to Bristol at the holidays was one of the pleasures which I looked for at breaking up; and I used generally to travel by day rather than by night, that I might lose none of the expected enjoyment. I wish I had kept a journal of all those journeys; for some of the company into which I have fallen might have furnished matter worthy of preservation. Once I travelled with the keeper of a crimping-house at Charing-cross, who, meeting with an old acquaintance in the coach, told him his profession while I was supposed to be asleep in the corner. Once I formed an acquaintance with a young deaf and dumb man, and learnt to converse with him. Once I fell in with a man of a race now nearly extinct,—a village mathematician; a self-taught, iron-headed man, who, if he had been lucky enough to have been well educated and entered at Trinity Hall, might have been first wrangler, and perhaps have gone as near towards doubling the cube as any of the votaries of Mathesis. (Pray write a sonnet to that said personage.) This man was pleased with me, and (perhaps because I was flattered by perceiving it) I have a distinct recollection of his remarkable countenance after an interval of nearly thirty years. He laboured very hard to give me a love of his own favourite pursuit; and it is my own fault that I cannot now take the altitude of a church tower by the help of a cocked hat, as he taught me, or would have taught, if I could have retained such lessons.

He was much teased by candidates for fame asking his opinion of their manuscripts or printed volumes of trash. He always answered



them kindly. The following was addressed to Mr. ALLAN CUNNINGHAM :

MORE HINTS TO A YOUNG POET.

Let me make myself clearly understood. In poetry, as in painting, and music, and architecture, it is far more difficult to design than to execute. A long tale should be everywhere consistent, and everywhere conspicuous. The incidents should depend upon each other, and the event appear like the necessary result, so that no sense of improbability in any part of the narration should force itself upon the hearer. I advise you to exercise yourself in shorter tales,—and these have the advantage of being more to the taste of the age.

But whatever you do, be prepared for disappointment. Crowded as this age is with candidates for public favour, you will find it infinitely difficult to obtain a hearing. The booksellers look blank upon poetry, for they know that not one volume of poems out of a hundred pays its expenses; and they know also how much more the immediate success of a book depends upon accidental circumstances than upon its intrinsic merit. They of course must look to the chance of profit as the main object. If this first difficulty be overcome, the public read only what it is the fashion to read; and for one competent critic—one equitable one—there are twenty coxcombs who would blast the fortunes of an author for the sake of raising a laugh at his expense.

Do not, therefore, rely upon your poetical powers as a means of bettering your worldly condition. This is the first and most momentous advice which I would impress upon you. If you can be contented to pursue poetry for its own reward, for the delight which you find in the pursuit, go on and prosper. But never let it tempt you to neglect the daily duties of life, never trust to it for profit, as you value your independence and your peace. To trust to it for support is misery and ruin. On the other hand, if you have that consciousness of strength that you can be satisfied with the expectation of fame, though you should never live to enjoy it, I know not how you can be more happily employed than in exercising the powers with which you are gifted. And if you like my advice well enough to wish for it on any future occasion, write to me freely; I would gladly be of use to you if I could.

We conclude with a delightful instance of

THE CHARITY OF SOUTHEY AND LAMB.

I must then trespass on you farther, and request that you will seal up ten pounds, and leave it with Rickman, directed for Charles Lamb, Esq. from R. S. It is for poor John Morgan, whom you may remember some twenty years ago. This poor fellow, whom I knew at school, and whose mother has sometimes asked me to her table, when I should otherwise have gone without a dinner, was left with a fair fortune, from 10,000*l.* to 15,000*l.*, and without any vice or extravagance of his own he has lost the whole of it. A stroke of the palsy has utterly disabled him from doing anything to maintain himself; his wife, a good-natured, kind-hearted woman, whom I knew in her bloom, beauty, and prosperity, has accepted a situation as mistress of a charity school, with a miserable salary of 40*l.* a-year; and this is all they have. In this pitiable case, Lamb and I have promised him ten pounds a-year each, as long as he lives. I have got five pounds a-year for him from an excellent fellow, whom you do not know, and who chooses on this occasion to be called A. B., and I have written to his Bristol friends, who are able to do more for him than we are, and on whom he has stronger personal claims; so that I hope we shall secure him the decencies of life. You will understand that this is an *explanation* to you, not an *application*. In a case of this kind, contributions become a matter of feeling and duty among those who know the party, but strangers are not to be looked to.

*The Autobiography of Leigh Hunt; with Reminiscences of Friends and Contemporaries.*  
In 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder and Co.  
1850.

DELIGHTFUL volumes are these, as their very title indeed proclaims. With the name of LEIGH HUNT are associated those of all the

men who have adorned the worlds of Literature and Art throughout the brilliant generation that immediately preceded our own. The Reminiscences of such a life, so spent, so protracted into a green and honoured old age, must be fraught with interest, even apart from any interest that might attach to the writer. But to LEIGH HUNT there belongs a peculiar charm. He is the representative of a class of minds to whom the world is under great obligations. He was one of the faithful few who, when hope was faintest, and the degradation, political and social, of MAN was most complete, and the prospect of emancipation most distant, cheerfully and constantly maintained their faith in human progress, and fought against more fearful odds the battle of liberty with the compact and unscrupulous forces of despotism. We, of this time, when almost all for which LEIGH HUNT struggled and suffered has been achieved, and the fruits of which are now the common property of Englishmen, can scarcely ever imagine the terrible array of persecutions that in those dark days were inflicted upon any man who dared to stand up, with lip or pen, to proclaim principles which are now received as axioms and asserted, in words, at least, if not in spirit, by the very party that formerly punished, with the cruelty of conscious fear, the slightest hint of them from any person whom public position exposed to their malice. Not by law alone, but by the more wicked instruments of lying, name-calling and social proscription, did the dominant party in LEIGH HUNT's youthful days endeavour to suppress the promulgation of truths, which, with the instinct of self-preservation, they well knew, would need but to be diffused and understood to overthrow to its foundations the system on which their own fortunes depended. It will be seen in the course of the somewhat lengthened notice which we purpose to take of this Autobiography, how prostrating and degrading are the principles, which, though long awed to silence, are even yet in existence, and have recently made some attempts, which they threaten to renew, to struggle again into life and be once more a power in the State. It is not impossible that many in this generation, who have not seen those principles in power, and, therefore, are ignorant of their hideousness in practice, may be inclined to trust too much to fair professions or be drawn to them by mere love of novelty, and for the sake of variety. Before they do so, let them read this Autobiography, and they will understand why it is that all whose memories carry them back for forty years look upon them with loathing, and shrink with horror from the very shadow of their approach.

LEIGH HUNT's family were seated in Barbadoes. His father was sent to the American Continent to be educated; there he entered the law, but was expelled for siding with the Crown in the struggle for independence. He escaped to England, and was shortly afterwards followed by his wife. His purpose in retreating to England, was to go to the Bar, but finding his prospects of success there very slight, he went into the Church and soon became a very popular preacher. His sufferings in the cause of "Church and King," his eloquence and his fame, appeared to place him in the highway to preferment; but he had opinions of his own, and he gave utterance to them freely; they were pronounced to be not quite orthodox, and the very suspicion of heterodoxy was sufficient in those days to keep a man back. His expectations were blighted, and he remained comparatively poor, as a

clergyman in our Church must be, unless he has powerful friends to give him the advancement he can earn by no merit of his own. After some years of doubt and questioning, he formally left the Church and became a Unitarian preacher, dying in 1809.

LEIGH HUNT was born in 1784 at Southgate. He was educated at Christ's Hospital. There he was a quick and diligent scholar; he attained to the rank of first Deputy Grecian and would have become German, which would have sent him to college, but for a slight impediment in his speech. He had scarcely left school when he published a volume of poems under the title of *Juvenilia*, and which were received with some approval. He was afterwards engaged as a contributor to *The Globe* newspaper, in which he wrote a series of essays. He then obtained a place in the War-office, of small value; he joined the St. James's Volunteers at the time of the expected Invasion, and frequented the theatres, of which he has preserved some anecdotes, and he wrote for them a tragedy and a comedy, and also wrote about them in the papers, evincing the critical taste that has distinguished him through life. Soon afterwards he was seized with a nervous attack, that lasted a long time and led him to many sober reflections, and to a more sedentary life. His description of his return to health is delightful. It breathes all the spirit of the youth loving life and enjoyments, and happy to be again restored to them.

It was at the beginning of the year 1808, that his brother commenced his grand literary enterprise, the success of which is an era in the history of newspapers. This is the

EARLY HISTORY OF "THE EXAMINER."

At the beginning of the year 1808, my brother John and myself set up the weekly paper, *The Examiner* in joint-partnership. It was named after *The Examiner* of Swift and his brother Tories. I did not think of their politics. I thought only of their wit and fine writing, which, in my youthful confidence, I proposed to myself to emulate; and I could find no previous political journal equally qualified to be its godfather. Even Addison had called his opposition paper the *Whig Examiner*.

Some dozen years afterwards I had an editorial successor, Mr. Fonblanque, who had all the wit for which I toiled, without making any pretensions to it. He was, indeed, the genuine successor, not of me, but of the Swifts and Addisons themselves; profuse of wit even beyond them; and superior in political knowledge. Yet, if I laboured hard for what was so easy to Mr. Fonblanque, I will not pretend to think that I did not sometimes find it; and the study of Addison and Steele, of Goldsmith and Voltaire, enabled me, when I was pleased with my subject, to give it the appearance of ease. At other times, especially on serious occasions, I too often got into a declamatory vein, full of what I thought fine turns and Johnsonian antithesis. The new office of Editor, coupled with my success as a critic, to turn my head, I wrote, though anonymously, in the first person, as if, in addition to my theatrical pretensions, I had suddenly become an oracle in politics; the words philosophy, poetry, criticism, statesmanship, nay, even ethics and theology, all took a final tone in my lips; and when I consider the virtue as well as the knowledge which I demanded from everybody whom I had occasion to speak of, and of how much charity my own juvenile errors ought to have considered themselves in need (however they might have been warranted by conventional allowance), I will not say, I was a hypocrite in the odious sense of the word, for it was all done out of a spirit of pothery and "fine writing," and I never affected any formal virtues in private; but when I consider all the nonsense and extravagance of those assumptions—all the harm they must have done me in discerning eyes, and all the reasonable amount of resentment which it was preparing for me with adversaries, I blush to think what a simpleton I was, and how much of the consequences I deserved. It is out of no "ostentation of candour" that I make this confession.

It is extremely painful to me. Suffering gradually worked me out of a good deal of this kind of egotism. I hope that even the present most involuntarily egotistical book affords evidence that I am pretty well rid of it; and I must add, in my behalf, that in every other respect, more at that time or any other time was I otherwise than an honest man. I over-rated my claims to public attention; I greatly over-did the manner of addressing it, and I was not too abundant in either; but I set out perhaps with as good an editorial amount of qualification as most writers no older. I was fairly grounded in English history, I had carefully read De Lolme and Blackstone; I had no mercenary views whatsoever, though I was a proprietor of the journal; and all the levity of my animal spirits, and the foppiness of the graver part of my pretensions, had not destroyed in me that spirit of martyrdom which had been inculcated in me from the cradle. I denied myself political as well as theatrical acquaintances; I was the reverse of a speculator upon patronage or employment; and I was prepared, with my excellent brother, to suffer manfully, should the time for suffering arrive.

The spirit of the criticism on the theatres continued the same as it had been in *The News*. In politics, from old family associations, I soon got interested as a man, though I never could love them as a writer. It was against the grain that I was encouraged to begin them; and against the grain I ever afterwards sat down to write, except when the subject was of a very general description, and I could introduce philosophy and the belles lettres. The main objects of *The Examiner* newspaper were to assist in producing reform in Parliament, liberality of opinion in general (especially freedom from superstition), and a fusion of literary taste into all subjects whatsoever. It began with being of no party; but reform gave it one. It disclaimed all knowledge of statistics; and the rest of its politics were rather a sentiment, and a matter of training, than founded on any particular political reflection. It possessed the benefit, however, of a good deal of general reading. It never wanted examples out of history and biography, or a kind of advertisement from the spirit of literature; and it gradually drew to its perusal many intelligent persons, who would, perhaps, never have attended to politics under any other circumstances. In the course of its warfare with the Tories, *The Examiner* was charged with Bonapartism, with republicanism, with an affection to Church and State, and republicanism, with disaffection to Church and State, with conspiring at the tables of Burdett, and Cobbett, and Henry Hunt. Now Sir Francis, though he was for a long time our hero, we never exchanged a word with; and Cobbett, and Henry Hunt (no relation of ours) we never beheld;—never so much as saw their faces. I was never even at a public dinner; nor do I believe my brother was. We had absolutely no views whatsoever, but those of a decent competence and of the public good; and we thought, I dare affirm, a great deal more of the latter than of the former. Our competence was allowed too much to shift for itself. Zeal for the public good was a family inheritance; and this we thought ourselves bound to increase. As to myself, which I thought of more than either, was the making of verses. I did nothing for the greater part of the week but write verses and read books. I then made a rush at my editorial duties, took a world of superfluous pains in the writing; sat up late at night, and was a very trying person to compositors and newsmen. I sometimes have before me the ghost of a pale and gouty printer, whom I especially caused to suffer, and who never complained. I think of him and some needy dramatist, and wish they had been worse men.

*The Examiner* commenced at the time when Bonaparte was at the height of his power. He had the continent at his feet; and three of his brothers were on thrones.

His connection with this Journal soon introduced him to a circle of literary acquaintances, Du Bois, the Editor of the *Monthly Mirror*, CAMPBELL, THEODORE HOOK, MATTHEWS, the SMITHS, &c. Let us take one portrait.

#### MATTHEWS.

The reasons why Matthews's imitations were still better in private than in public were, that he was more at his ease personally, more secure of his audience

("fit, though few"), and able to interest them with traits of private character, which could not have been introduced on the stage. He gave, for instance, to persons who he thought could take it rightly, a picture of the manner and conversation of Sir Walter Scott highly creditable to that celebrated person, and calculated to add regard to admiration. His commonest imitations were not superficial. Something of the mind and character of the individual was always insinuated often with a dramatic dressing, and plenty of sauce piquante. At Sydenham he used to give us a dialogue among the actors, each of whom found fault with another for some defect or excess of his own. Kemble objecting to stiffness, Marsden to grimace, and so on. His representation of Ingleton was extraordinary; his nose seemed actually to become aquiline. It is a pity I cannot put upon paper, as represented by Mr. Matthews, the singular gabbling of that actor, the cap and sailor-like twist of mind, with which everything hung upon him; and his profane pictures in quoting the Bible; for which, and swearing he seemed to have an equal reverence. He appeared to be charitable to everybody but Brahm. He would be described as saying to his friend Holman for instance, "My dear George, don't be abusive, George;—don't insult,—don't be indecent, by G—d! You should take the beam out of your own eye.—What the devil is it? You know, in the Bible; something?" (the a very broad) "about a beam, my dear George! and—and a mote;—you'll find it in any part of the Bible; yes, George, my dear boy, the Bible, by G—d;" (and then with real fervour and reverence) "the Holy Scripture, by G—d, d—me!" He swore as dreadfully as a devout knight-errant. Brahm, whose trumpet blew down his wooden walls, he could not endure. He is represented as saying one day, with a strange mixture of imagination and matter of fact; that "he only wished his beloved master, Mr. Jackson, could come down from heaven, and take the Exeter stage to London, to hear that d—d Jew!"

As Hook made extempore verses on us, so Matthews one day gave an extempore imitation of us all round, with the exception of a young theatrical critic (*videlicet*, myself), in whose appearance and manner he pronounced that there was no handle for mimicry. This, in all probability, was intended as a politeness towards a comparative stranger, but it might have been policy; and the laughter was not missed by it. At all events, the critic was both good-humoured enough, and at that time self-satisfied enough, to have borne the memory; and no harm would have come of it.

One morning, after stopping all night at this pleasant house, I was getting up to breakfast, when I heard the noise of a little boy having his face washed. Our host was a merry bachelor, and to the rosiness of a priest's might, for aught I knew, have added the paternity; but I had never heard of it, and still less expected to find a child in his house. More obvious and obnoxious proofs, however, of the existence of a boy with a dirty face, could not have been met with. You heard the child crying and objecting; then the woman remonstrating; then the cries of the child snubbed and swallowed up in the hard towel; and at intervals out came his voice bubbling and deploring and was again swallowed up. At breakfast, the child being pitied, I ventured to speak about it, and was laughing and sympathizing in perfect good faith, when Matthews came in, and I found that the little urchin was he.

The same morning he gave us his immortal imitation of old Tate Wilkinson, patentee of the York Theatre. Tate had been a little too merry in his youth, and was very melancholy in old age. He had a wandering mind and a decrepit body; and being manager of a theatre, a husband, and a rat-catcher, he would speak, in his wanderings, "variety of wretchedness." He would interweave, for instance, all at once, the subjects of a new engagement at his theatre, the rats, a veal pie, Garrick and Mrs. Siddons, and Mrs. Tate, and the doctor. I do not pretend to give a specimen; Matthews alone could have done it; but one trait I recollect, descriptive of Tate himself, which will give a good notion of him. On coming into the room, Matthews assumed the old manager's appearance, and proceeded towards the window to reconnoitre the state of the weather, which was a matter of great importance to him. His hat was like a hat worn the wrong way, side foremost, looking sadly crinkled and old; his mouth was desponding, his eyes staring, and his whole aspect

meagre, querulous, and prepared for objection. This miserable object, grunting and hobbling, and helping himself with everything he can lay hold of as he goes, creeps up to the window, and giving a glance at the clouds, turns round with an ineffable look of despair and acquiescence, ejaculating "Uh, Christ."

The Government of the day could not endure the clever assaults of *The Examiner*, and an occasion was eagerly sought to punish the spirited editors. This was found in an article against military flogging. Mr. Attorney-General GIBBS prosecuted, but the Editors were thrice acquitted. They had advocated that which the Duke of WELLINGTON has since positively done: such is the fate of the pioneers of reform.

LEIGH HUNT, however, desired a medium for publishing his more elaborate papers on literary topics, and he started a quarterly magazine called *The Reflector*, in which he enlisted the contributions of LAMB, DYER, BARNES, and DR. AIKIN. It existed through four numbers with steady improvement, dying at length for want of funds to support it till it could live into fortune—the first condition of a periodical. He then published his *Feast of the Poets*, which gave great offence to GIFFORD and his colleagues, and to which may probably be traced the inveterate persecutions of the *Quarterly Review*. But with a generous candour LEIGH HUNT acknowledges now that the satire was too severe; that many persons were unjustly assailed, and that he regrets personalities provoked by attacks upon himself. It is a very difficult thing, for young persons especially, when struck not to strike again.

(To be continued.)

*Memoirs of the Political and Literary Life of Robert Plumer Ward, Esq., Author of "The Law of Nations, Tremaine, De Vere," &c., &c. With Selections from his Correspondence, Diaries, and unpublished Literary Remains. By the Hon. EDMUND PHIPPS. In 2 vols. Murray.*

ROBERT PLUMER WARD is best known to the public as the author of *Tremaine*, a novel which made an immense sensation at the time of its appearance, was then read by everybody, as is *Jane Eyre*, or *Anne Dysart*, or *Mary Barton* in our own day, has taken a quiet place in select libraries upon the shelf devoted to fiction, and is probably unknown except by name to the majority of the present generation of novel readers. It is, indeed, very doubtful, if *Tremaine* had been published now, when novel-writing has been so vastly improved, whether it would have made anything like the sensation it created, when it appeared as a novelty in fiction. Even its successor, *De Vere*, did not attain to the same popularity, because the gloss of novelty was already worn away; yet was it, in many respects, a superior work, exhibiting the improvements which experience had taught. The characteristic of Mr. WARD's style is elegance, both of thought and diction; refinement carried almost to weakness; fanciful rather than imaginative; sentimental rather than wise; and more learned than profound. His chapters were little more than a collection of brilliant essays, or more properly scraps of disquisition and description, strung together by a very slight thread of fiction, which was employed as the means and not as the end, as the excuse for sending abroad the author's thoughts and fancies on all kinds of subjects, political, philosophical, literary, artistic and social.



Mr. WARD's father was a Spanish merchant, resident at Gibraltar. His mother was an Italian by descent. He showed early indications of ability, after the usual fashion of clever children, by writing verses. But his school and college life were undistinguished, as he appears to have devoted himself to miscellaneous reading, in preference to the regular course of classical study. Thus, though he obtained no honours at Oxford, nor fitted himself for a useless life there, his time was not lost; he was preparing for the busy world far more efficiently than if he had spent his days and nights in acquiring the professional knowledge of the dialects of a dead language. He had resolved upon the law as a profession, and entered himself at the Inner Temple, and shortly afterwards obtained an introduction to

WILLIAM PITT.

It was soon after his return from France that an adventure occurred to him which savours more of romance than reality, and in which a lucky chance would by some be said to have introduced him to the notice of him who was then the most powerful man in England,—William Pitt; while those who look more closely into character would see in it but the natural consequence of that boldness and energy which Mr. Ward displayed throughout his after-life. He was, early in 1794, leaving his chambers in the Temple for the purpose of paying a visit in the northern outskirts of London. Upon crossing Fleet-street, he had to traverse Bell-yard, and as he passed a watchmaker's shop his attention was attracted by a placard in the window, of a very revolutionary character, convening a meeting of a certain society, that evening at the watchmaker's\*. Many a man would have passed it unnoticed, or contented himself with a feeling of regret or indignation at the prevalence during that period of similar views. Not so was it with young Ward; he was fresh from all the horrors which the success of such principles in a neighbouring country had entailed. He at once determined to enter the watchmaker's shop and provoke a discussion with him. For two hours did the young student contest with the republican the justice of his sentiments; for two hours did he labour to impress upon him, not only by argument but by his own experience, the horrors to which success must lead; but at the end of that time he was obliged to leave him apparently unmoved, or at all events unconvinced. He paid his distant visit, and late in the evening returned homewards through the same alley. Despairing of success, he paid no second visit to his disputant of the morning, though he did remark with pleasure that the revolutionary placard had been withdrawn. Hardly, however, had he passed the shop twenty yards, when he heard some one running after and calling him. He looked back and beheld the republican watchmaker. The manner of the man was changed from the dogged imperturbability with which he had listened to Mr. Ward's arguments in the morning, to a frank and eager confidence. "I have called you in," said he, "to say I have done nothing but think over your words: I feel their truth; I shudder at the precipice on which I stood, at the evil I was about to do; and am now as anxious to communicate and prevent, as I was before to conceal all our schemes." He then communicated to him the existence of a most fearful plot against the Government, which, with his newly-awakened feelings, he longed to frustrate by immediately informing the authorities, if he who had convinced would also accompany and support him. They went to the chief magistrate, Sir Richard Ford, who attached so much importance to the communication, that the three were at once ushered into the presence of Pitt and his colleagues, assembled with Macdonald and Scott, the Attorney and Solicitor-General. The singular history was duly narrated in detail; the arguments carried on by the young Mentor, the misgivings of the republican, and then the details of the impending danger. The countenance of Pitt was turned with interest on the young lawyer, who seemed not only to share that horror of revolutionary movements with which he was himself

so strongly imbued, but who had so gallantly acted upon it. "What was your motive, young gentleman," he inquired, "for thus entering the shop?"—"I, Sir," answered young Ward, "am not long returned from France, and have there seen in practice what sounds so fine in theory." Warrants were issued upon the information of the watchmaker; and thence arose one of the principal incentives to the State Trials of 1794,—which, however, as is well known did not end in a conviction. Notwithstanding this, Mr. Pitt was not of a character to lose sight of the young lawyer who had performed so distinguished a part on so important an occasion; and when young Ward was still further recommended to him by others who had better opportunities of knowing his ability, it is no wonder that, a few years afterwards, the offer a seat in Parliament should come to him in the flattering shape of a letter written by Pitt himself. The more immediate consequence of this romantic adventure was to procure for him the friendship of Lord Eldon, who, as we have mentioned, was then Solicitor, and at the time of the trials Attorney-General, and who, upon further cultivating his acquaintance after this, suggested to him the undertaking of a work which would alone have secured him a place in any library, even if he had not in latter years written those others, of a more popular character, on which his literary reputation principally rests.

He married a sister of Lady MULGRAVE, and this led to the offer of a seat in Parliament from Mr. PITT, then Premier, and he took his seat for Cocker-mouth. From the year 1809 he appears to have kept a diary, from which the greater portion of the second volume is extracted, and it is of great interest and value from the numerous and curious traits it has preserved of the principal personages who figured on the political stage during the period over which it extends, and from the light it throws on many transactions of which the public as yet have known only the results. From this we shall take some miscellaneous passages, to show the quality of the work.

Mr. PHIPPS has performed his task most carefully and conscientiously. Without thrusting himself too much forward, he has judiciously preserved the order and completeness of the narrative, throwing in only so much of commentary as was necessary to explain doubtful and uncertain statements, or to fill up what is obscure in the text, and his style of writing is almost as graceful and quite as pleasing as was that of Mr. WARD.

We throw together the anecdotes and reminiscences we had scored, without regard to order of date, as each has independent interest. Let us first take a reminiscence of

#### THE DUKE.

Nov. 23rd, 1819.—The Duke of Wellington passed me in Pall Mall going to the House of Lords to the speech. He stopped his coach, and asked me if he should take me. When I got in, I saw him busy about the doors, which he was locking with a key in the inside. I asked what that meant. He said, that ever since he had been shot at in Paris he had used that precaution. I knew, said he, the conspiracy was pretty extended, and thought they might be at me again in a less bungling way. Their way *ought* to have been to have killed my coachman, and then, if my doors could have been opened, what should I have done? Now they are secure, and by leaning back you may fight a window better than a parapet wall. This he accompanied with the appropriate action. As we were in the midst of a very Radical-looking mob, I only hoped, I said, we should not be tried

In this conversation we arrived at the House of Lords. He was much observed by the people, who looked with interest at him, but there was no cheering.

#### The following of

#### THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Jan. 8th, 1811.—Dr. Saunders (physician extraordinary to the Prince), whom I met at my brother's, told me that the Prince was always upon the utmost reserve

upon politics; that Sir W. Farquhar was at C. House every day, and generally made to wait long, and when he saw the Prince could observe nothing; that he was very serious, and supposed to be engaged with religion, and read daily a chapter or two of the Bible with Lady Hertford. Upon my laughing, he said it was known their attachment was merely platonic; that he was not an ambitious man, and disliked Lord Grenville. My nephew from the City told me Perceval had won favour beyond what was thought possible. Dr. Saunders's account at least squares with Greenhill's, that the Prince was methodistically inclined.

A specimen of the political practices of the time appears in

#### A CHAT WITH SHERIDAN.

Dined with Lord Mulgrave; he had some curious conversation with Sheridan yesterday at the City dinner. Sheridan was afraid of the Jacobins, and complained that the desire of popular applause induced some of his party's best young men to join them, and that their strength made the struggle of the two parties dangerous. Talking of the negotiation, Ld. M. said Ld. Grey had been more discreet than Ld. Grenville, though less respectful to the King, and that the latter had been forced to put his refusal on wrong grounds. Sheridan wished the junction could have been made in order to put down the Jacobins; but it could not be as offered, because the two Lds. might and would have wished to see the King together. Ld. M. said that was the least of the difficulty, for there could have been no reason why they should not have seen the King when they pleased; nay more, he added, there was not one of us that would not have gone out of office if our resignation would have been necessary to strengthen the Government against Jacobinism, and I would have been the first to have yielded mine, and have gone happy to Mulgrave in the thought that I could have contributed to an event so desirable. As it is (continuing to address Sheridan) you would not now, could you come in, be able to make a Government of yourselves against the democratic party you fear. We may, perhaps, with the King heartily with us, but the opportunity of making the strongest is lost. They then talked of Lord — whom both knew, and in discussing the apparent rashness of his conduct in undoing all the good that Harford Jones had done in person, Sheridan let out a strange anecdote, not merely of him, but of all his friends during the Regency question in 1789. Such was the violence it seems of those times, that at a meeting at Burlington House, Burke had proposed to keep the King from returning to power even if he had recovered his health. Strange to say, so treasonable a question, instead of being rejected by a common and instantaneous feeling, was allowed to be discussed, and almost stranger still, Ld. — was the only man at the meeting who sided with Burke in recommending it. Sheridan mentioned it to show that, with all his softness of demeanor, when wrong he could be most violently so.

#### Now for

#### A REMINISCENCE OF CANNING.

We thought the debate had closed, when Canning burst out with one of the most exuberant and magnificent flowing invectives against Romilly for his attack upon Pitt the night before, and his attempt to revive forgotten animosities, that ever could be heard anywhere. It seemed to electrify the House, and kindled an indignation against Romilly which actually thundered. . . . I am obliged to allow that from Fox or from Pitt I never heard anything equal to this forcible declamation. The wonder was to see the cold self-possession with which Romilly received it, and the adroitness with which he answered it, so as to remove most of its impression. Such is human passion and human reason. The very first sentence made favourable way for all the rest. "I will not," says he, "pretend to answer the magnificent effusions of a zeal which have burst upon me after four-and-twenty hours' consideration." This was so felt by the House that, coupled with Canning's present conduct in regard to the measure of the man for whose sake he seemed to have been actuated by such indignation, we listened with much more complacency than we otherwise should have felt. The argument was, that he had mentioned Mr. Pitt with no animosity, and with no view of reviving animosity, but merely because Canning himself had forced him to question the authority of the

\* The name of this man was Scott, and he is even now well remembered by some of the neighbours.

name, by making that authority the groundwork of his argument.

We cannot refrain from citing two or three more of the opinions of the Duke of WELLINGTON. The first was on the occasion of the passing of the notorious CASTLEREAGH Acts.

Speaking of the chances of a partial rising before the bills passed, I mentioned the speculations of some men, that perhaps it might lead to good, as it would be suppressed, and with it much of the spirit of insurrection, he said he was by no means one of those who wished this; . . . that for his part he could not even hope that a great deal of mischief, and the ruin of thousands, would not be effected before it was suppressed; that this ruin, particularly of manufacturers, who would be the first victims, would affect much of the innocent population, which would spread the discontent; that the nation would be put to the double expense of losing much in taxes and replacing the losses, which latter, however, would never restore the suffering to their primitive situation; that much blood would at any rate be spilt, and that though the rebels themselves might deserve this, yet the friends of the rebels would not fail to profit by it elsewhere, by inquiries in Parliament, inquests, and attacks upon magistrates and officers, and every sort of inflammatory topic, in short, that we should have the Manchester and Oldham inquest over again, only multiplied tenfold, and who could foresee the discontent this might spread, with proper colouring, even among those who were at present peaceable. He said if the rising broke out anywhere, it would be at Glasgow and Paisley, where many rich merchants and all they supported would be sure to suffer, while no one could certainly foretell how soon it might be put down. This led him to his favourite notion, that the loyal should be taught to rely more upon themselves, and less upon the Government, in their own defence against the disloyal. It was this he thought that formed and kept up a national character; while every one was accustomed to rely upon the Government, upon a sort of commutation for what they paid to it, personal energy went to sleep and the end was lost; that in England, he observed, every man who had the commonest independence, one, two, five, or six hundred, or a thousand a year, had his own little plan of comfort—his favourite personal pursuit, whether his library, his garden, his hunting, or his farm, which he was unwilling to allow anything (even in his own defence) to disturb; he therefore deceived himself into a notion, that if there was a storm it would not reach him, and went on his own train till it was actually broke in upon by force. This led to supineness and apathy as to public exertion, which would in the end ruin us; the disposition, therefore, must be changed, by forcing them to exert themselves, which would not be if Government did everything in civil war, they nothing, hence his wish for a volunteer force.

The next was on the question how the Government could be carried on?

I said the question was come to this, *would* it be governed by *any* administration? He replied, by none that could be formed. I told him, what was true, that many looked to *him*, as one who could command and lead, and that there were many members who saw things as he did, and only wanted to be well led. I alluded, too, to Brongham's declaration in the house, that nothing could save the country but an administration formed on the broadest possible basis. He replied, even that will not do, for there will be no leader and no submission. It is a mistake to suppose I can be the man. Since the days of Mr. Pitt there has been no individual who could command such confidence as to rally people round him with implicit devotion, so as to sacrifice their own opinion to a leader's; and when every man is to follow his own counsel, or think it ought to be followed, we know what that is. No; there is no one man in the state, of whatever party, who can command the spirits of others.

Here is a recollection of

PEEL.

Nov. 21st, 1819.—Walked with Peel. He asked how I thought we were as to strength in the house. I said, very strong. But, added he, shall we have any of

the Whigs? They mean, I understand, to rally on the dismissal of Lord Fitzwilliam: I said, I thought that signified little; that there seemed a great reaction, and the loyal population preponderated ten to one. True, said he, but don't you think the public opinion among the lower orders has undergone a change within these few years, as to the constitution of Parliament; I said that it could not be denied, but still, they wished not an invasion of property by fellows with no property. He asked about the Duke of Wellington, and said, he heard he took a very gloomy view of things; I answered, he was on the alert, but not gloomy; and told him what he had been doing as to the depôts and militia arms. He approved it very much. Peel thought Hunt a clever fellow. Not so I.

Now for a specimen of the abuses then existing. It must be stated that Mr. WARD occupied the office of Auditor of the Civil List, so that his authority is unimpeachable.

#### PALACE EXTRAVAGANCE.

R. Plumer Ward, Esq., to the Right. Hon. H. Goulburn. (*Private.*) *Civil List Audit Office, March 20, 1848.*

Dear Goulburn,—After conferring a good deal with Mr. Brent, and afterwards, privately, with Sir W. Freemantle, I was yesterday, by Lord Conyngham's own invitation, at the Board of Green Cloth, where we discussed the whole subject of the Lord Steward's department, all the members of the board bringing, I must say, to the discussion, the most anxious desire to reduce the expenses within bounds. The result, *prospectively*, I have the pleasure to say, is satisfactory; but neither they, nor myself, can suggest any means to clear the fourth class of the department from its present debt, which, on the last year, amounts to 5,525*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* This being a matter for the Treasury to consider, I, therefore, proceed to tell you how it seems to me that the excess has arisen, and how it is proposed to remedy it in future. In very short, it seems to me neither more nor less than the most scandalous waste on the part of the lower servants, encouraged by laxity of discipline, particularly, I think, by the former high officers, and the good-nature of the king. This made the attempt to alter the condition of his servants unpleasant, if not hopeless. I cannot better exemplify this than by the instance of an allowance of 500*l.* a year to the lower servants in lieu of small beer. The history is, that, when allowed small beer in kind, they were all allowed access *ad libitum* to the cellar, and often would not take the trouble to turn the cock after having drawn their quantity, but let hogsheads run off from very wantonness. The then officers in power (I know not who, but it was in Bloomfield's time), instead of punishing them, thought it right to turn the beer into money (the servants having ale and porter *besides* fully sufficient); and hence this 500*l.* a year compensation for not being permitted to continue this wasteful extravagance. The above is, to be sure, an extreme case, but the prodigality of the steward's room and the servants' hall is almost as bad. Every person belonging to either seems allowed to carry away as much provision as he can scramble for, after being himself satisfied. If a bottle of wine or porter is opened for a glass, the rest is carried off, the meat in a napkin, which seldom finds its way back again; and, in addition to this, scores of persons who have no connexion with the domestic establishment appear to run riot upon the unlimited allowances for these tables. All this, after conferring with the Deputy Comptroller, I find may be checked by authority; and the Lord Steward having willingly promised it, it has been agreed to strike off not less than 1,600*l.* a year from this expense alone. The footmen and maids, moreover, have been allowed charwomen and helpers (in fact, to allow them to be idle), and the reduction of these will save 400*l.* or 500*l.* a year more. The calculation of meat per day, for each individual of the family, has been two pounds, which the principal cooks allow is too much by a half-pound; this alone will save 500*l.* a year; and an allowance of what is called *bread money*, which I could not get explained, it having been made before the present officers came into place, may also be reduced to the amount of 300*l.* This is the more right, because the allowance in money does not preclude the supply of bread in kind, over and above the allowance. I mention these specifically, because they seem gross abuses,

which you ought to be apprised of. Other reductions will arise, more from better regulations than abolition, particularly in the gardens, upon which the Lord Steward, &c. have themselves ordered a diminution (agreed to by Mr. Aiton) of 2,600*l.* a year; and the whole put together, as per table enclosed, will amount to 6,456*l.* This is more than equal to the excess of the present year, which, therefore, it is to be hoped, will not be repeated.

In conclusion, we take from the diary of the year 1828, the following account of

#### THE ORIGIN OF "TREMINE."

It could not be denied that the English school of novel-writing (in more modern times) had many merits. It had the not least important one of being adapted for the perusal of all, without offending the delicacy of any; it could further boast, as its characteristic, the natural development of an interesting and seldom improbable story, a correct and original conception of individual character, a skilful adaptation of the events of history, the enforcement of a wholesome moral, and a certain elegance in the style of composition. Such, it cannot be denied, were the ordinary characteristics of the best of the modern English novels at the time Mr. Ward began his task. It will be seen, however, from this enumeration, that there is not to be ascribed to them that for which fiction may be more peculiarly made the vehicle, viz. any depth of philosophical reflection, any complete development of peculiar types of character, any such epigrammatic terseness of diction as should lead the reader to return again and again to the opinions of his author, for the sake of their depth, their originality, or the happy terms in which they were expressed. If any one had perused such productions, pencil in hand, with a view to revert to his favourite passages, he might have marked here a pretty description of scenery, there an animated dialogue, in another place a striking situation, but he could rarely have found a gem that would sparkle when placed by itself, or which could be transferred to a fresh setting. Another defect that was found almost universally in these productions was, a perversion (unintentional no doubt, but still not the less constant) of the manners, vices, feelings, and actions of the upper classes of society, who were made alternately heroes possessed of every noble virtue, or insolent profligates ever ready to make an unfair and base use of the power given them by their position. The fact was, that the descriptions were given at second hand, till what was considered in this respect natural in a novel became as complete a piece of traditional *conventionalism* as the interviews between a master and his *valet de chambre* are allowed to be on the stage. It was with a purpose of supplying some if not all these defects, and of affording, along with food for the thoughtful mind, the necessary relaxation which all require, that Mr. Ward began his novel. He had determined to preserve the strictest incognito, moved partly by an anxiety to have the genuine and unbiassed opinion of the reader, partly by the excitement of the mystery attendant upon it, but principally urged by considerations arising out of the two very opposite subjects which were to be combined in the same book: viz. first, sketches of fashionable society, with strictures upon its occasional emptiness and insolence; and, secondly, a discussion of some of the most important questions that can be presented to reasoning beings. As his handwriting was sufficiently peculiar to be easily recognised, every page when written was recopied, and in this he had most willing and useful assistants in his daughters; so great was the interest taken by them in his book, that he used to boast how, on one occasion, when a portion of the manuscript containing a long chapter had been lost, they were able to resupply the whole of it from memory, without (as even the author himself confessed) so much as an error in a word. The work once ready for publication, his grand difficulty was to arrange with a publisher without running the risk of betraying his authorship, and for this purpose he fortunately bethought himself of his friend and personal solicitor, B. Austen, Esq. By his co-operation he was enabled to preserve for some time his incognito amid the curiosity which "Tremaine" so generally excited.

It is stated that such was its success, that no less than 1,500 copies were sold in six weeks!



## VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

*The Tarantas: Travelling Impressions of Young Russia.* By COUNT SOLLOGUB. London: 1850.

WHAT is the *Tarantas*? will be the exclamation of a reader of the advertisement or title-page of this volume. There is something in a name, provided only that it be sufficiently intelligible. Of what use is one that reveals its own meaning? It piques no curiosity; it occasions no talk; the eye of the newspaper reader scarcely deigns to rest upon it long enough to peruse the remainder of the announcement. Commend us to a title that mystifies the public: that, carrying with it no idea, suggests all possible ideas, and, promising nothing, permits us to hope for everything, while it deprives us of the right to complain if we are disappointed.

Such a mysterious title is *The Tarantas*. But it is not meaningless in fact; it is strange only to English ears. It is a word well known in Russia where it is the proper name of a national vehicle of very remarkable form and contrivance, thus described by the Count with the ugly name who has written this amusing book.

## THE TARANTAS.

Represent to yourselves two long poles, two parallel immeasurable, endless rods; near their middle you see, as if dropped there accidentally, an enormous basket, or box, or hamper, rounded off at the sides, resembling a gigantic bowl from an antediluvian banquet. At each end of the poles you see adapted two wheels, and the whole structure may appear some wild creature of a fantastical world, something between a grasshopper and a britzka. And what am I to say about the artful skill which in a few moments made the tarantas disappear under all kinds of chests, trunks, boxes, baskets, hampers, casks and other packages. To begin, I will tell you that the scooped vessel I want to describe had no seats: a huge feather bed filled the whole abyss. Then came seven down pillows in chintz cases, of a dark colour, to stand the dust, rising upon their soft foundation in the shape of a pyramid: the pie in a mat bag; a flagon with anise-brandy; different kinds of roasted poultry; cheese-cakes, a ham, loaves of bread, *kalatchi*; and last, though not least, the cellaret, the inseparable travelling companion of every provincial squire. This cellaret, whose outside is covered with seal-skin and bound with tin hoops, contains an entire tea-service, and is an invention although very useful yet not by any means of an artistic workmanship. Open it. Under the cover of the box you find a japanned tea-tray with the image upon it of a sleeping shepherdess, executed in a bold style by the brush of some rising genius. The box itself, lined with paper, contains a tea-pot of a dirty white colour with a gold edge, a glass bottle full of tea, and a similar one of rum; then comes two glass tumblers, a cream-jug, and other appurtenances for tea enjoyment. However, I must remark that the Russian cellaret deserves all your respect. It is one of the few, the very few of our national features which, amidst general changes and ameliorations, has preserved its primitive shape; it did not get seduced by the lure of a deceptive ostentation, but has passed through all the vicissitudes of the times unscattered and unchanged. Such is the Russian cellaret! On every side of the tarantas were strung up mat-bags and bonnet boxes. One of these contained a cap and a crimson turban from Madame Lebourg's in Smith's-bridge, for Vassily Ivanovitch's lady; other boxes were full of books and toys for Vassily Ivanovitch's children; there were two table lamps, some kitchen utensils, some grocery for Vassily Ivanovitch's table use; and lastly, three monstrous portmanteaus, surmounted by a pile of other boxes, crammed full and bound with thick cords, rose like the obelisk of Luxor on the back of the travelling car. The red-haired yamchik had just finished putting three parched, broken-winded horses to the tarantas when our younger hero, Ivan Vassilievitch, arrived in the courtyard. The collar of his macintosh was raised over his

ears: he had under his arm a small portmanteau, and in his hands a silk umbrella, a carpet-bag, and a splendidly bound puce-coloured morocco book, with steel clasps. "Welcome, Ivan Vassilievitch!" said Vassily Ivanovitch, "It is high time we were off. And where is your luggage?" "I have everything with me." "So! But you will freeze to an icicle in your bag! However, I have there a furred morning-gown which I don't want. What do you prefer to be laid under you, a feather-bed or a mattress?" "Sir?" asked the amazed Ivan Vassilievitch—"I ask you which you like best, a feather bed or a mattress?" Ivan Vassilievitch was tempted to take flight, and looked around. It seemed to him that all Europe would see him in the furred morning-gown, on a feather-bed, riding in a tarantas. "Now then?" inquired again Vassily Ivanovitch. "A mattress, sir!" was the almost inaudible answer. "Senka, put a mattress for Ivan Vassilievitch; but be quick, blockhead! Senka performed his Cyclopean work. Vassily Ivanovitch continued with a compacent smile: "and the tarantas! Eh! how do you like the tarantas? Easy as a cradle! No upsetting, no continual repairing like your spring-carriages. As soft as a bed."

The horses are ready. The tarantas is surrounded by landlord, landlady, men and maid servants. Every one helps, every one bows, every one wishes a happy journey. Vassily Ivanovitch, with much assistance in pushing and pressing, at last succeeded in reaching his seat, and dropped into the feather-bed. Ivan Vassilievitch followed him, and likewise sunk down amidst pillow-cases. Senka's place was on the box, near the yamchik. "All right?" "All right, sir." "With care, then. Down the hill, mind and keep up the horses."

In this carriage the Count travelled over a considerable tract of country, and he has given to the world in a small volume the result of his observations. As less is really known to us of Russia and the Russians than of any other country or people in the world, scarcely excepting China, right welcome is such an accession to the scanty sum of information, especially as proceeding from one who is likely to take a fairer and truer estimate than a foreigner who carries to the investigation his own antipathies or prepossessions. Thus, from such a traveller only could we have procured this picture of the intercourse of

## LANDLORDS AND TENANTS IN RUSSIA.

The peasant wants to see the lord for whom he works, and he wants, too, that the lord should see his labour;—he is then full of gaiety and diligence, and works with success. "After God and the Great Czar," he says, "law ordains me to serve my master; I am his, as he is mine!" Such is the peasant's motto. "And by what rules are you guided in the management of your property?" "What rules! friend? Habit, enterprise, and God's holy will. I see that every peasant is punctual in his duties; punish beggary, and look with both my eyes that no one's household and husbandry is allowed to be out of repair and order." "How do you see to that?" "I take care that every peasant has his cottage, a good shed, two horses, one cow, ten sheep, one sow, ten fowls, two carts, two sledges, one plough, one harrow, one scythe, two sickles; always have two *dessiatins* of winter or of spring crops in the earth, and sufficient pasturage for his cattle. If he has anything besides all that, he is a wealthy peasant; if he wants a single one of this list, he is poor. It is, as you see, no complicated mechanism. My chief rule is, that everything must be in order and complete. Has a peasant's horse died—I give him a horse, and he pays me for it by small instalments; is it a cow he wants—I give him a cow. The principal thing is—not to allow anything to be neglected; it is very easy to sink an estate irretrievably. Then, again, let the peasants remonstrate as much as they like against it, do not heed it, but establish a common field and a common capital to provide for the tolls and all the other expenses which affect the tenants." "And how do you arrange the management—the jurisdiction?" asked Ivan Vassilievitch. "I leave it to the community. Do you know, friend, that we have, in regard to the jurisdiction, such an order established, that no German, nor even a Frenchman, could invent a

better one. Look how peaceably and justly the peasants divide every year the land amongst themselves; listen to their judicious and wise verdicts in any case of dispute." "I think these sessions of the community must date from the most ancient times," remarked Ivan Vassilievitch. "I don't know, friend, and do not care about it; my business is, that my peasant should be satisfied, and in good health; that he should accurately pay his poll-tax, and duly labour on my field; when he has worked three days for me, he may go and do what he pleases. I doubt if the labourer is so well off in your foreign countries, friend? The Germans and Frenchmen pity our peasants so much: 'Poor martyrs,' they call them, but behold—the 'martyr' is healthy and in good spirits; he is well fed, and well clothed; he has not to pay, as your labourer abroad, for land, and water, and air, and everything he wants, whether his crop be good or bad. Oh! these Frenchmen!" added Vassily Ivanovitch, "don't they cry out that we are barbarians and cannibals! Awful to hear for a healthy ear!—but I suppose, friend, you like their babbling?" "Why so?" asked Ivan Vassilievitch. "Ar'n't you a liberal? All your young men are liberals. Nothing is right according to you—everything wrong; though, indeed, should any one ask your advice how to do it otherwise, there you stand sticking fast."

Travelling in Russia must be exceedingly uncomfortable if the following be a true description of

## A RUSSIAN INN.

A pale waiter, in a dirty white shirt, and dirty apron, welcomed the guests with sundry bows and standard compliments, and conducted them by a dirty wooden staircase to a large room not less dirty, but ornamented with large mirrors in mahogany frames, and a painted ceiling. Along the walls stood numerous chairs, and before a ragged sofa was a round table, covered with a dirty cloth. "What have you got?" said Vassily Ivanovitch to the waiter. "We have everything you can wish for, sir," proudly answered the waiter. "Have you beds?" asked Ivan Vassilievitch. "No, sir, no beds." Ivan Vassilievitch grew sombre. "What have you got for dinner?" "Everything, sir." "What do you mean by everything?" "We have got soups, stsch, —you may have a beef-steak, sir; but here is the bill of fare, sir," added the waiter, presenting a scrap of grey paper which lay on the table. Ivan Vassilievitch began to inspect the bill of fare. "Well, make haste," said Vassily Ivanovitch, having given his orders. The waiter proceeded now with all the necessary arrangements. He took away the dirty cloth from the table, and brought in its place another as dirty; then he brought plates, knives, forks, and spoons; then came a salt-cellar; then, after half-an-hour had passed, and our hungry travellers had already armed themselves with spoons to encounter the awaited soup, there came a flagon of vinegar. Every impatient exclamation Vassily Ivanovitch made to the waiter got the phlegmatic reply: "This instant, sir," and the instant was an hour-and-a-half long. "This instant,"—a weighty word in Russia! At last appeared the wished-for soup-tureen. Vassily Ivanovitch opened his vast mouth, and set to work. Ivan Vassilievitch angled out of his plate some hairs, some chips, and other heterogeneous matters, sighed, and endeavoured to follow his companion's example. Vassily Ivanovitch seemed in the highest state of beatitude; he was silent, and ate for three. Not so was it with Ivan Vassilievitch; he could not touch a single dish—he stared at every one of them with horror and disgust. "Have you any wine?" he asked the waiter. "Certainly, sir! All possible wines, sir! Champagne, half champagne, dry madeira, Lafitte. First-rate wines, sir." "Bring a bottle of Lafitte." The waiter was lost for half-an-hour; at last he came back, and triumphantly put a bottle of red vinegar before our young man. "Now," said Vassily Ivanovitch, after a short pause, "now, we must lay down a little. Senka!" he shouted. Senka entered the room. "Have you dined, Senka?" "Yes, sir, I have dined, thank you." "Prepare my bed, then. Put together some chairs, bring up the feather-bed, the pillows, and the dressing-gown. Don't you see, Ivan Vassilievitch," he added, "how well it is to carry these things with you. How do you intend to lie down?" "I shall ask for some hay?" said Ivan Vassilievitch. "Waiter! have you got any hay?" "No, sir, we have got none."

The Count speaks in a very disparaging and despairing tone of the present state of

#### RUSSIAN LITERATURE.

"So!" said Vasily Ivanovitch, who had listened rather negligently, and did not understand a single word. "Are you fond of our Russian literature?" "Heaven preserve me!" replied his companion with vivacity. "I did not say anything so absurd. Besides, about which literature do you ask? We have two kinds." "How so—two kinds?" "Yes, we have one which is liberal and generous, but has now grown tired; showing herself but seldom amidst the people, sometimes with a smile on her face, but oftener with a heavy sadness in her heart. The other, on the contrary, is to be met with at every street corner; she cries and makes a most tremendous noise, lest people should not think her genuine. This literature reminds me always of the bawling second-hand clothesmen of Apraxin-court, who are ready to lay hold of every passer-by to sell him their rotten ware. Upon my soul, I have never seen anything more surprising, more monstrous and disgusting than this spurious literature." "How so?" "Because, in reality, it is no literature; it is but a false name. Our really talented authors have always avoided the least contact with her, for fear of being thought to share in her strange doings. She is nothing else than a parasite fungus upon the national soil. She has neither sim nor principle. There are a great number of subdivisions in this literature, as it were separate little literatures: there are several in St. Petersburg, several in Moscow, several in the provinces, and in each of these literatures there are different factions, who in anti-like fashion move about and busy themselves like Gulliver's Lilliputians, zealous members of a dismembered body—they regale Russia with verses à la Lamartine, with dramas à la Schiller, with novels—pious parodies of foreign works already in themselves caricatures—and last, though not least, with the monstrous indecours which appear under the pretext of criticisms. Thank Heaven, however, nothing of all this is genuine Russian! A true Russian will never discover his native genius in silly mountebanks like these, who jump about and make gestures before him; and believe me that at the rag-fair of the collectors of other people's skill, a true Russian will never answer a call unbecomingly to him. That is not what he wants! He wants native sounds, native pictures to make his heart throb and his soul grow bright; he wants you to talk to him in his own tongue of his favourite traditions, of the wise and unsophisticated customs of his dear fatherland, of the exigencies of his real life. But alas! our traditions and our customs are fast disappearing. All that lives in the memory of a nation, all that may serve as a foundation for a national literature—all is losing itself every day, and with every new change of our habits. The genius of Russia is expiring, stifled with what is continually thrown upon him! Poor child! he wanted only to grow and assume an air of dignity, he wanted to make his sonorous voice heard,—and we have put upon him a French wig and a German dress, we have wrapped him up in a harlequin dress, and don't see that the poor boy is wasting away, and weeping tears of bitterness. What remedy is there? you will ask. The answer is not difficult: liberate the child; throw into the fire all that theatrical frippery, and turn back to our natural, native principles. Civilisation it was that separated us from the people; let then civilisation couple us together. Who knows: perhaps in some peasant's hut is concealed the embryo of our future greatness? the more so as it is now only in the peasant's hut, and even there, only in the remotest wilderness, that you can find genuine, primitive, untouched nationality!"

We are permitted a single peep at

#### DOMESTIC LIFE IN RUSSIA.

"The girls in St. Petersburg," he continued, "are beautiful. It is a delight to look at them. Their hair is so artistically braided, their forms so admirably moulded, and then they dance so gracefully, and so much, that it is an utter impossibility not to fall in love with them. I, therefore, also fell in love. My passion began with a valse, a mazurka decided my marriage. My sweetheart was the daughter of a very rich man, who gave gorgeous dinner parties and played every night at whist what is called the grand game. I was preparing

to be happy. But in St. Petersburg, friend, a wedding is a half-way to bankruptcy. I think there is in the whole world not another place, except St. Petersburg, where, approaching to happiness, you beforehand try wilfully to spoil happiness, and preparing yourself for ease, you betimes annihilate all possibility of being at your ease. In St. Petersburg custom is law: however absurd the general custom is, you must follow it. We have for everything conventional rules as stringent as visiting and bowing. In this manner then a bridegroom takes upon himself to imitate the universal ridiculous extravagance without regarding his means. In the first place come the usual presents, his portrait by Sokolov, a diamond bracelet, a sentimental bracelet, a Turkey shawl, a diamond trinket, besides innumerable glittering costly trifles from the English magazine; then the bridegroom is obliged to furnish anew, from garret to cellar, a house which is not his own, to fill it with costly shrubs and flowers lent on hire; to set up elegant carriages, thorough-bred horses, and solid silver harness; he must dress his whole household in new gold-laced liveries, must buy new plate, new bronzes, new china, must prepare himself to give gorgeous banquets, and scarcely married, he remarks that has nothing left to pay for the banquets. As for the bride's father, he furnishes the bed-room of the newly-married couple in such a princely style as to give to the bridegroom an example for the folly he has to pursue; besides he fills chests of drawers and presses, trunks and boxes with all kinds of frippery, which under the name of the dowry, sweeps away an enormous sum, and having done all this, he presents the bridegroom the next day after the wedding with—his entire confidence; he avows with the utmost candour that life in St. Petersburg is very expensive; that his French cook ruins him; that he has bad luck at cards, and concludes his confession with the remark that the newly-married couple must wait his decease before they can enjoy the promised annuity. Rather disappointed by such an unexpected revelation, the son-in-law on his part likewise acknowledges the bad position of his circumstances, and before a week has past, quarrels for ever with his new relatives. Thus was it with myself. I wanted to return into the province. My wife was against it; she had not been educated for a life in the provinces; she was accustomed to take her daily walk on the Nevsky-Perspective, to go daily to a ball or the theatre. What could I do against that? It was then, friend, that began my galley life. In a life above your means there are moments of indescribable misery. Whilst your wife dressed in the most elegant style of costly fashion flirts in her opera-box with empty-headed dandies, there is no fire-wood in the house; whilst half-a-dozen friends have announced to you their intention to dine at your house on such or such a day, your cook refuses to furnish you with any more victuals; he is even rude to you, and you cannot dismiss him because you owe him money. It is a dreadful confession, friend, but in the present state of St. Petersburg life, it is not only impossible to uphold your dignity, but even, strictly taken, it is almost impossible to remain an honest man: above everything, and at any cost, you must obtain money and spend it for rubbish. You are dancing in the evening, and in the morning your ante-room is crowded with creditors, usurers, and other visitors of the same class; you mortgage, you sell, you borrow; you put your name to bills of exchange and notes of hand; you sell trinkets, horses, plate, shawls; you curse your existence, and want to lay violent hands upon it; you are in despair and tempted to send a ball through your brains; and amidst all these tortures you still remain leech, and scented, and curled, you bow, pay and receive visits, whilst you are firmly persuaded that no one likes you, and that everybody is laughing at you. I had lived two years of such a life, when I began to remark that the world was looking at me with a kind of contemptuous and insulting pity. I got fewer bows; I was often omitted to be invited to parties; I was no more sought as a partner in a mazurka, and little by little all my friends abandoned me. "It is his own fault," they said, "What folly to climb higher than he can! Why live amongst us?" Even persons for whom I felt a sincere affection, whom I loved like brothers, even these turned turned their backs upon me as soon as they knew that they could win no more money from me at cards, nor have a good dinner at my expense,—and not only did I see on their part no token of interest, but I knew that they were proclaiming my

ruin with a somewhat strange officiousness and a malicious display of wit. This discovery was more than I could bear. I hated St. Petersburg and decided, cost what it might, to leave it. I sold all I could, settled all the bills I could, brought my affairs into the best possible order, and one fine morning set off, accompanied by my wife, to Moscow."

*Pictures of Nuremberg; and Rambles in the Hills and Valleys of Franconia.* By H. J. WHITLING. In 2 vols. London: Bentley.

If you cross to Ostend by the midnight boat, you will arrive in time for the first train to Cologne, where you may sleep the first night of your tour. A steamer will take you the next day to Frankfort, whence a diligence starts at seven o'clock in the evening, which will carry you into the old town of Nuremberg as the clock strikes eight on the following evening; the fourth of your travel. There are few who have not, in this manner, paid a visit to Nuremberg, and we would earnestly advise those who have not yet done so, to seize the opportunity during the coming season. It is a quaint old town, full of ancient buildings, and with many objects of interest past and present. It was the birthplace of ALBERT DÜRER, whose residence is still shown, almost unaltered: it is yet famous for its manufactures of toys and straw plat, and these can be bought in abundance at very moderate prices. You live luxuriously at an hotel for about five shillings a day; and you are sometimes surprised and amused to see elderly ladies walking about in golden helmets: they are family honours borne by women of rank; but they are only gilded silk, not real gold.

But all this does not justify the two volumes which Mr. WHITLING has inflicted upon the patience and purses of the British public. One hundred and fifty pages would have sufficed amply for all that can properly be said about Nuremberg, or which the world would care to read. But seven hundred pages! pooh!—this is book-making with a vengeance.

Nor is this expansiveness of subject relieved by gaiety of style. On the contrary, Mr. WHITLING is a dull and prosy writer: he elaborates like a penny-a-liner: he is decidedly slow. The best parts of the whole are the somewhat picturesque accounts of his angling excursions into the Franconian valleys. Here is some novelty, for few Englishmen have penetrated them. But they do not suffice to redeem the general dullness, and therefore, we cannot recommend this book either to the book-club, or to book-borrowers.

There is some power of description in the following picture of

#### THE PUBLIC GARDENS AT NUREMBERG.

Cast your eye round the gardens, what parasols, what gaudy shawls, what fluttering of ribbons and tassels, white pocket handkerchiefs, broad lace, and bright linings. There you see some young gentlemen in very wide tailed brown and blue coats, of a cross breed between the full dress and surtout, with bright figured buttons, and blazing chain-cabled waistcoats, fond of narrow shirt collars to turn down, and broad wristbands to turn up, and of cultivating beards to the size and appearance of birds' nests, very much after the manner of our own "Byrons of the desk and counter." Out of the way, or we shall be run down by those three young ladies, who are chasing each other in the prettiest and most playful manner imaginable, to the great edification of the aforesaid young gentlemen. Yonder is a group of junior officers, seated with stretched-out legs in an attitude of very devil-may-care admiration, staring about them in all the self-complacency of the



same order in England. At a little distance to the left is another and quieter group, with sterner faces and collars more deeply striped,—these are some of the vieux-moustache, who know better. There sit some noisy Frenchmen, drinking wine, most of it deucedly bad in this place. Here are some Italians enjoying chocolate. Now we are passing a party at tea, principally ladies, all of whom are knitting and talking with equal grace and rapidity, neither tongues nor fingers are for one moment idle. There are some thorough-paced Nurembergers, doing all they can to assist the funds of the hospital, by drinking the Bavarian beer, renowned throughout Germany, and which, indeed, forms a principle beverage of all classes of the inhabitants of this town. See! they are beginning to light the coloured lamps. The music gets more energetic, and in its pauses, the conversation more lively. Visits are paid to each other's table, and many interchanges of formality or of kindly greeting take place in these gardens, where even tea or supper parties are sometimes given. Near the orchestra stands the Crown Prince of Hesse, son-in-law of the King of Bavaria. He is talking in the most familiar way to a tall man there, in a straw hat and fanciful cravat, who, although one of the long guns of the town, is certainly not one of the great ones. Close to him, in gayest attire, sits the man of whom you bought your boots this morning; he is ringing his glass with his knife by way of calling for another supply. At the next table but one beyond us is the tailor who mended your coat; he is not alone, he has got his wife with him, two children, and a servant girl, a little half-shaved, but not half-starved poodle dog, and a large cane, highly polished, and bearing two silk tassels, and a broad silver mushroom-shaped top; his hands are garnished with several rings, and a broad paste brooch confines the ends of a "tie," marked with flashes of lightning; but with all this he has no desire to be taken for anything more than he is; neither have those of a higher class any fear of being mistaken for what they are not. Each is quietly enjoying himself in his own way, without fearing or shunning the other; all are polite, contented-looking, goodnatured, and sociable. Those who please to afford it sup in the gardens. Those who do not, or whose arrangements render it unnecessary, avoid giving the "wirth" that trouble, for which, I dare say, the "kellner" is very much obliged to them; and when the music, which of its kind is often excellent,—always good,—is ended, all go quietly and happily home. So easy, polite, and well-ordered is the conduct of most people here, that, without a little close observation, it is at times almost impossible to distinguish the "gentleman" from the "tailor;" but I will give you one or two rules which greatly influence my opinion in this particular; and although it is true I have sometimes erred, they are nevertheless of tolerably safe application. Besides not being perhaps quite so highly dressed, a gentleman will never pick his teeth with his knife and fork; will always have his face and hands clean, and the latter especially free from the broad ebony tips which unfortunately are so often found to terminate the dingy-looking digits of the other.

This is

#### THE ASPECT OF NUREMBERG.

The general aspect of the interior is highly imposing; most of the houses are very large, of a massive style of architecture, adorned with fanciful gables, and bearing impress of the period when every inhabitant was a merchant, and every merchant was lodged like a king. Their form and shadows harmonize well with the fountains, numerous figures, public monuments, churches, and other buildings, rich in the mouldering sculpture of former ages. Many of them are beautifully carved, both inside and out, and the air of bygone magnificence, which pervades the whole, tells many an interesting tale of the wealth and splendour of other days.

With the regard towards these things that every well educated Englishman may be supposed to possess, you will be glad to know that the King of Bavaria takes all possible care to protect from modern invasion so complete a specimen of the middle ages; and he has given orders, that alterations of every kind, and even the colouring of the houses, shall only be permitted in a style of conformity therewith. As a consequence, the whole is in good keeping, and presents to the eye much that is deeply impressive in this ancient and well-preserved stronghold of German architecture, arts, and commerce.

#### Now for a sketch of

##### SOCIETY IN NUREMBERG.

The tone of society here is unlike that of most other German towns which I have seen. If not so polished as in other places, it is, at the same time, less sophisticated, and not without its refinements. Let me, however, say one thing before I go any farther:—the inhabitants are, what in some of the more frequented towns they are not,—a simpleminded, kindly-hearted people; and if the spirit of considerate attention, kindness, and hospitality to strangers can deserve it, they still fully merit the designation bestowed upon them by some of the ancient German authors, of "the good people of Nuremberg." It must be remembered this is a "Handel-stadt," or commercial town, and also a tolerably wealthy one. Amongst some of those families, therefore, who claim to be the first, a mingling of the mercantile spirit is observable, a little more contention or competition than is perhaps otherwise usual in regard to appearances, and the chameleon-like quality of changing their hue every time they appear in public. The ghost of "Mrs. Grundy" evidently exercises its customary influence, even here, among those persons who have not yet had courage enough to lay the intermeddling and troublesome spirit. Notwithstanding this, society is, as I have already said, upon a pleasant enough footing; and if you do not yourself make too many ceremonies, the natives (to most of whom they are anything but agreeable) know how to relax them in favour of foreigners, and it will be your own fault if you do not in this respect find it all that you can wish. Evening visits are, perhaps the most pleasant. You enter the salon bonnetted and cloaked, the hostess or her daughters assisting the lady to disrobe; the gentleman's hat is taken in the same way by the host or a servant, and as for his cloak (or mantle) it must be hung upon one of the hinges of the door, whose brass projections are mostly finished above, seemingly with a view to this convenience. Each of these will hold at least two, and as, for the sake of easy access, every room has two or three, nay sometimes even four doors in it, half-a-dozen "mantles" are thus easily disposed of. The ladies' paraphernalia is generally removed to another room, and the gentlemen's hats, sticks, &c. must be arranged in an out-of-the-way corner, until the whole are accommodated as they best may be in the absence of cloak and hat-stands, which nobody here has ever yet dreamt of. The only real inconvenience is when the night is wet or snowy, which is soon proclaimed by the small pools of water which accumulate from the drippings at the door. Tea is served on these occasions at about half-past five or from that to six o'clock, and it is called a "sweet tea," from the multitudinous cakes that accompany it, many of which are of the most delicious description, except that they are sometimes a little too sweet. But the people here are addicted to sugar in immense quantities, wherever it is possible to use it. Strange to say, they do not seem to perceive how nature herself revenges the outrage. Yet it is easy to see they receive their punishment through the same medium by which the offence is committed, and accordingly, of whatever beauties they may have to boast, a good set of teeth is generally not among the number. Tea, when they do drink it, is, from its diluted condition, not likely to please an Englishman. When strong, they say it heats them, and is too exciting to their nerves; therefore, under the same kind apprehension in regard to yours, they take care to offer it as hot water, fascinated by the bewitching influence of cinnamon, vanilla, and about sixteen tea-leaves to eleven persons. Eau-de-vie, or old arrack, is sometimes added, together with a little lemon peel, by way of correcting any evil effects which might otherwise even yet arise from so dangerous an infusion! The sight of a strong infusion is evidently unknown to many of them. Some acquaintance paid us a visit upon one occasion just as we were sitting down to tea. They were presented with some; but its colour condemned it, and unmindful of the teapot, it was politely rejected with, "Ich dank sehr—Ich trinke keinen Kaffee;" nor was it until after much explanation, and the reduction of it to the usual degree of *aqua tinta* strength, that they could be prevailed upon to taste it. On these occasions, it is in vain to provide sugar-tongs, since nobody thinks of using them. Instead, the thumb and finger will be called into requisition, and upon the good old principle that these were first invented, the silver will be mostly dispensed with. Music and conversation (and in some houses, cards) lead the even-

ing pleasantly along, which finishes with a slight supper, backed by wine, beer, and an occasional glass of punch—Nuremberg punch!—and at an early hour all is over. Dinner parties are more formal, and on that account disagreeable. The hour is generally one o'clock. Dessert and coffee follow; after which you are expected to take your departure. A friendly dinner meeting is, however, quite another thing; but in these there is about the same difference as in England.

#### The following are some of the

##### CURIOSITIES IN THE LIBRARY.

Amongst the various odds and ends contained in this old building is a black silk cap, worn by Luther, which was found, with other effects belonging to him, in a chest at Cobourg, where it had been left, and for a while forgotten after he quitted the Castle there. Here is likewise a drinking cup, given by him to his friend Dr. Justus Jonas; upon which you see the portraits of both, together with the following inscription:—

Dat vitrum vitreo Jona vitrum ipse Lutherus,  
Ut vitro fragili similem se noscat uterque.

Old furniture, engravings, maps, pictures, and various relics, more or less curious, are too numerous here for me to think of enumerating them; but perhaps, after all, the object which an Englishman will regard with most attention, as awakening many an association in connexion with some stirring times in the history of his own country, and which will be found more interesting to him, because unexpected, is a Prayer Book, beautifully prepared, exquisitely written, and splendidly illuminated. On opening it, you perceive inscribed therein:—

La Liver du Roy de France Charles  
Done a Madame le Roigne D'engleterre;

which Queen could have been no other than Isabella the wife of Richard II. (1396), or Catherine the wife of Henry V. (1420), both of whom were daughters of the French King, Charles VI. You will also find here an interesting globe, made by John Schoner, professor of mathematics in the Gymnasium here, A.D. 1520. It is very remarkable that the passage through the Isthmus of Panama, so much sought after in these times, is, on this old globe, carefully delineated! It has been said in reference to sculpture, "the figure is already in the stone; the sculptor only has to find it." So of the long-desired passage. According to this ancient relic, it is already there, if one could only discover it; but that in each case seems to be the chief difficulty, and the ancients would appear to have excelled us in both. For the latter perplexity it is hard to account, seeing that its course is here distinctly laid down.

There is yet another still older, having been made in 1491, by Martin Behaim, and which you will find in the house of his descendants. It will be recollected that America was discovered about this period; and it is remarkable, that although nothing was known of the existence of another Continent at the time this globe was projected, you perceive thereon delineated a supposed island of considerable magnitude, called Antilia. On investigating this subject, I learnt that Behaim, though a native Nuremberger, resided for many years in Portugal, and constructed this globe while Stadtholder of the island of Fayal, in the Azores; an appointment which he held for some time. He is also said to have made many voyages on and from the western coast of Africa; he has even been charged with having already anticipated Christopher himself, but although a good Christian, it is believed he died without acknowledging this atrocity. He is celebrated in the Portuguese archives as a great mathematician, astronomer, geographer, and navigator. It is, moreover, certain that he intimately knew Columbus; and that his opinion and counsel were inquired of by the king as to the proposals and intentions of that great discoverer.

But amongst all these curiosities of ancient science, I must not forget to do my part towards immortalizing the remembrance of one exhibited here in the year 1658, and no longer in existence. This was a gastronomic specimen,—one of a class in which this country seems always to have excelled; it was an enormous black pudding or German sausage, about 300 feet in length, and weighing upwards of 700 pounds, which was decorated with various coloured ribbons, and borne through the streets by the butchers of Nuremberg on the yearly festival of their guild. In the old picture wherein this is represented, herds of pigs are seen taking to flight,

open-mouthed, in all directions; their countenances express the greatest terror, their tails are curled most distractedly, and their whole mass of blood appears evidently turned at the sight of this fearful procession.

Marriage is not so easy a matter in Germany, as is proved by their

#### MARRIAGE CEREMONIES.

Amongst the better classes in this country, such things as elopements are seldom or never heard of. No such thing as getting married here without the consent of parents! Certain prescribed forms must be gone through, or the marriage is null and void. The proposals being formally made and accepted, then comes the *verlobung*, or betrothal. This takes place, for the most part, privately; shortly after which, the father of the *bride* (as she is then called,) gives a dinner or supper to the families and the most intimate friends on both sides, when the fact is declared, and leave given to publish it to the world, who, however, has generally been fortunate enough to anticipate the information.

The cards of betrothal are then circulated amongst their friends and acquaintance, and as it may interest some of my fair readers to see how these things are managed in Germany, here follows one:—

Theodor Roth

Elise Wertman

Pfarrer

VERLOBTE.

When the day is fixed,—and in this country they do not brook much delay,—then follows the protocolling, or whatever else they call it; and the testimonials on both sides, required by the government, afford a beautiful specimen of ceremonious legislation. We copy from the printed form lying before us, what these certificates are expected to show, and what must of necessity be established ere a marriage licence can be obtained. The King, as a careful father of his people, does not like to have unhealthy children. The first thing, therefore, is to prove that you have been vaccinated! Then comes the "week-day school ticket," in testimony of a regular attendance *there*; also a "Sunday-school ticket." A "certificate of attendance upon a religious teacher," and another of "confirmation," is also required. Then a "conduct certificate," a "service-book," and "wander-buch" (this refers to the compulsory travels of their *Handwerks-burschen*.) An "apprentice ticket" must also be exhibited, and a "statement made and substantiated as to property," which, if not considered to be satisfactory according to circumstances, destroys the whole thing. The "permission from the parents on both sides" must be likewise produced. A "residence permission ticket," a "certificate as to the due performance of militia duties," an "examination ticket," and also one as to "business, trade, or occupation," at the time. Those in a higher class of life, besides (with a few natural exceptions) the above, have yet other things to do—proofs to make, and cautions to give, ere the knot of matrimony can be tied. As one instance, it may be mentioned that every Bavarian officer, without distinction, must deposit in the hands of government such a capital (by way of guarantee), as, at four per cent., shall produce annually, at the least, four hundred florins! Without this, or the King's dispensation, which is seldom, or now, never obtained, the *permission to marry is withheld*. The capital, once deposited, is intangible, being intended as some provision for the wife and family after his death.

We conclude with a recipe for an article much admired here, but for which Nuremberg is celebrated:

#### NUREMBERG PUNCH.

Take three-quarters of a pound of loaf sugar; press upon it, *through a muslin*, the juice of two or more good sized oranges; add a little of the peel, cut very thin; pour upon this a quart of boiling water, the third part of that quantity of good old Batavian arrack, and a bottle of hot, but not boiling, red or white French wine—the former is, perhaps, the best; stir all these together, and then taste the fruits of your labour.

#### FICTION.

*La Vendée.* An Historical Romance. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE, Esq. In 3 vols. London: Colburn. 1850.

This is more than a mere romance. Fiction has been made but the medium for presenting a graphic and truthful picture of the Vendean war—its vicissitudes of fortune, and deeds of heroism. Mr. TROLLOPE has not painted from books, but from nature. He has travelled in the country he describes—inspected all the localities made memorable by the immortal struggle—observed the manners of the people, still having very much of their old simplicity, and their old attachment to established forms in Church and State. From the abundant memoirs of Madame de LAROCHEJAQUELIN and Madame de LESCURE he has gleaned largely for thrilling incidents, and, weaving all these materials together with the skill that distinguishes the relative who has made his name famous in authorship, he has produced a romance which will serve with readers the double purpose of instruction and entertainment, of history and fiction. The principal occurrences narrated are facts; the most prominent personages really lived, acted, and felt very much as Mr. TROLLOPE has represented them in his pages; the localities are described with the strictest accuracy. The result is, that with the help of a few imaginary characters, admirably conceived, and cleverly sketched, he has completed one of the best historical romances published since the days of SCOTT, and which will deserve to be read by a much wider circle than the mere fiction. It may be placed in the hands of young persons, for the purpose of information, and as better calculated than formal history to bring the records of the famous Vendean war brightly before them, and stamp them upon the memory; and it will have a permanent value after the others, *mere novels* of the season, have passed away and are forgotten.

Mr. TROLLOPE's style is extremely lively and pictorial. He carries you along with him unweariedly from the opening; his characters are real men and women, not cloudy undefined half-shapes, as are too often the personages who play their fantastic tricks in novels; they have a distinct outline, with form and feature, a positive individuality in the memory of the reader; and his dialogues are smart and lively, with an appreciation of the French modes of thought and turn of expression, not unfaithfully given in English: a difficult task, but proving, by its success, that Mr. TROLLOPE has closely observed the people he paints. At times there are bursts of eloquent description of nature and natural objects, which prove the author to have a great deal of poetry in him. Altogether, we have not, for a long time, been so much pleased with any novel as with *La Vendée*, and can conscientiously recommend it to the libraries, and the list of books to be read.

*Ellie Foresters.* A Novel. By JOHN BRENT, Esq., Author of "The Battle Cross." In 3 vols. London: Newby. 1850.

We do not like this so much as we did Mr. BRENT's two previous novels. He has written, we fear, with more haste than discretion, and too much sought to startle and surprise by strange incidents and stormy descriptions. He has not elaborated a plot which plays with the improbable so skilfully that it looks like truth, spite of all its strangeness; his improbabilities are palpable, and he makes no endeavour to reconcile them, by ingenuity in the arrangement, or skill in the telling.

His materials are somewhat stale. A wicked fellow, one Sir H. Foresters, possesses an estate which does not belong to him of right, the true heir being one Evelyn Atherly, whose mother had died in his infancy of sheer want. The orphan falls among strangers, by whose help he regains his inheritance. Ellie, Sir Heydon's daughter, of course, falls in love with the supposed pretender to, but real owner of, her father's estate, precisely because it was the most inconvenient attachment she could form. How the tangled thread is unravelled will be readily guessed by regular novel-readers: they will recollect fifty such. Mr. BRENT can do better things than this: it is a pity that he should fall into habits of too hasty writing. He has not made progress, as he should have done. He will lose the laurels he has won, if he is not more careful. He still shows the same command of words, and the same power of description, but his thoughts and language want guidance. He must put a curb upon his imagination, or it will run away with his discretion. We hope, after a delay of eighteen months or two years, with frequent corrections of his manuscript before giving it to the press, to meet him in so improved an aspect that we may be enabled conscientiously to congratulate him upon the change.

#### POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

*Egeria, or the Spirit of Nature; and other Poems.* By CHARLES MACKAY. London: Bogue. 1850.

Mr. MACKAY is essentially a poet of our own time. His muse is never so inspired as when he is discoursing eloquent music of the poetry which is to be found by all who seek it with true loving hearts, in everything about us and in the people and the objects of everyday existence. He has proved that it is not necessary to go back to remote ages for subjects for song; that our generation offers themes at least as inspiring as any that moved our ancestors. Here it is that he is original: for such, he will be remembered hereafter, when the poems that relate to a former age are forgotten. The present volume, it is true, contains few of these embodiments of the poetry of our own time, and, therefore, it is not equal as a whole to some of its predecessors. But here and there we discover the spirit breathing and stirring, even in "Egeria" and among the minor poems appended are some that are worthy the poet's loftiest fame.

As its name implies, *Egeria* is a species of philosophical poem whose object appears to be to inculcate in verse the views of the Constitution of Nature and of Man, which were first promulgated by GEORGE COMBE, and now have come to be almost universally admitted in profession, if not in practice. This is done in a singularly poetical strain, as witness the following passage, which we may term

#### THE IMMORTALITY OF NATURE.

I have no need of thy mesmeric sleights  
To summon to my presence, when I will,  
The beautiful Egeria of my dreams.  
For me she lives and moves—for me she speaks—  
For me she sings celestial melodies.  
It wants but effort of the active mind  
To people Earth and Heaven with ministering sprites.  
The young Aurora, with her rosy cheeks,  
Sits, as of yore, at portals of the morn;  
And thoughtful Hesper, with her starry eyes,  
Looks, as in olden time, from day to night,  
And makes both beautiful. Still in each oak,  
As poets feigned, the Hamadryads dwell,  
And whisper music from the rustling leaves.  
Still on the mountain-slopes the Oreads roam,  
And course the fleeting shadows of the clouds.  
Still on the beach of the sonorous main  
The youthful Nereids sport the live-long day,  
Or dance by moonlight, when the tide at ebb  
Leaves on the sands a circle wide enough  
To form the flexile chain of linking hands,  
And feet sequential to the harmony  
Pealed by the invisible minstrels of the deep.  
Still every fountain, every rill and stream,  
Possesses in its cool translucent breast  
A guardian spirit, who can talk and sing,  
And utter oracles to thoughtful men.  
The old thoughts never die. Immortal dreams  
Outlive their dreamers, and are ours for aye.  
No thought once formed and uttered can expire.  
The lovely shapes that olden fancy drew  
Are still the comrades of unworlly men,  
And palpable to sight. All life decays,  
And Death transforms it into newer life  
With other features—but Eternal Thought  
Defies decay. Egeria is as young  
To thee and me, as in the ancient time,



When she appeared to Numa in the grove  
And taught him wisdom : on her open brow  
Three thousand years have striven in vain to leave  
The slightest wrinkle. As she was, she is.

There is a lyrical power that reminds us of SCHILLER  
in the next:

#### JUBAL AND HIS CHILDREN.

"Jubal was the father of all such as handle the harp and organ."—*Genesis iv. 21.*

"Father," said Jubal's eldest son,  
"The skies were robed in gloom ;  
Cloud struck on cloud, and long and loud  
I heard the tempests boom ;  
Like chariots rattling through the stars,  
I heard their axes roll ;  
Heaven's pavement flashed ; the thunders crashed—  
'Twas music to my soul."

"Father," said Jubal's second son,  
"I walked beside the sea ;  
With mighty roar against the shore  
The waves were dashing free ;  
The waves and winds, together loosed,  
Went mad, beyond control ;  
With joy, yet fear, I leapt to hear—  
'Twas music to my soul."

"Father," said Jubal's younger son,  
"I roam'd the forest through ;  
The northern blast, careering past,  
With fitful anger blew ;  
The oak trees bowed their lofty heads,  
While from their branches stole  
An awful rhyme, a song sublime—  
'Twas music to my soul."

"Father," said Jubal's youngest son,  
"Beside the rock's grey wall,  
I climbed alone the mossy stone,  
To hear the torrent fall ;  
Ever it chants a solemn hymn,  
The waters rush and roll.  
They leap and play, in foam and spray—  
'Tis music to my soul."

"Father," his eldest daughter said,  
"The stream runs freely by ;  
The violets blink upon its brink,  
Its breast reflects the sky ;  
It sings all day a cheerful song  
Beneath the grassy knoll ;  
Its pebbles chafe—its ripples laugh—  
'Tis music to my soul."

"Father," his second daughter said,  
"I heard the sky-lark sing  
Up in the air, a jewel fair,  
On forehead of the spring ;  
I know not what the song might be,  
It seemed like rapture whole ;  
A melody—a mystery—  
'Twas music to my soul."

"Father," his youngest daughter said,  
"I listened, and I heard,  
At midnight deep, when half asleep,  
The whisper of a word.  
It was my mother at my bed,  
One hasty kiss she stole,  
On lips and cheek—I could not speak,  
'Twas music to my soul."

And Jubal, to his children's voice,  
No word in answer made ;  
But still he wrought, as if in thought  
His questioning fingers strayed.  
At length his eyes, with keen delight,  
Shot rays like burning coal ;  
"Oh, children mine! a power divine,  
Is bursting on my soul!"

He sought the wild wood solitude,  
And supplicated heaven ;  
The floods of music o'er him rushed—  
The needful strength was given :  
And first, to please his daughters mild,  
The gentle harp he strung,  
Then for his sons built organ pipes,  
And struck till echo rung.

"Joy! children, joy!" he shouted forth,  
"Be all your anthems poured !  
The organ swell shall ever tell  
The glory of the Lord.  
But when you sing of earth and men,  
Of human loves and fears,  
Your harps shall sound in softer strains,  
Harmonious with the spheres."

And this is well conceived and well uttered.

#### THE GARDEN SPIDER.

Though feared by many, scorned by all,  
Poor spider on my garden wall,  
Accused as ugly, cruel, sly,  
And seen with an averted eye ;  
Thou shalt not lack one friend to claim  
Some merit for thy injured name,  
If I have strength to right the wrong,  
Or in men's memory lives my song.

Men call thee ugly ;—did they look  
With closer eyes on Nature's book.

They might behold in seeing thee  
A creature robed in brilliancy ;  
They might admire thy speckled back  
Beggemmed with purple, gold and black ;  
Thy hundred eyes, with diamond rims ;  
Thy supple and resplendent limbs.

They call thee cruel ; but forget,  
Although thy skillful trap be set  
To capture the unwary prey,  
That thou must eat as well as they.  
No pampered appetites hast thou,  
What kindly Nature's laws allow  
Thou takest for thy daily food,  
And kindly Nature owns it good.

Fie on us! we who hunt and kill,  
Voracious, but unsated still ;  
Who ransack earth, and sea, and air,  
And slay all creatures for our fare,  
Complain of thee, whose instinct leads,  
Unerring, to supply thy needs,  
Because thou takest now and then  
A fly, thy mutton, to thy den.

And then we call thee sly, forsooth,  
As if from earliest dawn of youth  
We did not lay our artful snares  
For rabbits, woodcocks, larks, and hares,  
Or lurk all day by running brooks  
To capture fish with cruel hooks,  
And with a patient, deep, deceit  
Betray them with a counterfeit.

So let the thoughtless sneer or laugh ;  
I'll raise my voice in thy behalf.  
The lie thou livest, Nature meant—  
It cannot be but innocent ;  
She gave thee instinct to obey,  
Her faultless hand designed thy prey ;  
And if thou killest, well we know  
'Tis need, not sport, compels the blow.

And while I plead thy simple case  
Against the slanderers of thy race,  
And think thy skillful web alone  
Might for some venial faults atone,  
I will not pass unnoticed by  
Thy patience in calamity,  
Thy courage to endure or wait,  
Thy self-reliance strong as fate.

Should stormy wind, or thunder-shower  
Assail thy web in evil-hour ;  
Should ruthless hand of lynx-eyed boy,  
Or the prim gardener's rake destroy  
The clever mathematic maze  
Thou spreadest in our garden ways,  
No vain repinings mar thy rest,  
No idle sorrows fill thy breast.

Thou mayst perchance deplore thy lot,  
Or sigh that fortune loves thee not ;  
But never dost thou sulk and mope,  
Or lie and groan, forgetting hope ;  
Still with a patience, calm and true,  
Thou workest all thy work anew,  
As if thou felt that Heaven is just  
To every creature of the dust,

And that the Providence whose plan  
Gives life to spiders as to man,  
Will ne'er accord its aid divine  
To those who lazily repine ;  
But that all strength to those is given  
Who help themselves, and trust in Heaven.  
Poor insect! to that faith I cling—  
I learn thy lesson while I sing.

It will be doubted by none who read these specimens,  
which are but few out of many of equal merit in this  
volume, that Mr. MACKAY is a true poet.

#### POLITICS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

*Britain Redeemed and Canada Preserved.* By  
T. A. WILSON, K.L.H., and ALFRED B. RICHARDS,  
Esq., Barrister-at-Law. London: Longman and Co.  
1850.

UNDER this imposing title, in a large volume of some  
550 pages, is elaborated a scheme for the construction  
of an Atlantic and Pacific Railway communication, tra-  
versing our possessions in North America. This is  
asserted to be *practicable*, and reasons are shown for  
such a conclusion. Of its advantages, if practicable,  
there can be no question. It would at once open to us  
a new path to China, and the entire trade of that part  
of the world. The authors avow themselves to be  
opposed to the movement spirit of the age. They think  
it would be desirable to turn the world backwards a  
little, and undo what has been done. They are shocked  
at the present state of things, and their tendency to  
democracy, and they hope to see a sort of aristocratic  
England, as it *once* was, with all the institutions of  
oligarchy, as they were fifty years ago, revived in Canada,

so as to be a model for ourselves at home. A gentleman,  
according to them, can no longer live in comfort in  
England, for vulgar people are treading on his heels,  
and birth has lost the respect that once belonged to it.  
Let all such fly to Canada, set up an oligarchical govern-  
ment there, and be themselves again. Such appears to  
us to be the aim of the writers of this volume, but for  
the manner in which they propose to carry out this  
sagacious scheme for *redeeming* poor England and *pre-  
serving* Canada, the reader is referred to the volume, if  
he can find patience to wade through it.

THE Commission for inquiring into the Universities has  
produced a multitude of pamphlets, *pro* and *con*—some  
of which have been sent to us. The Rev. J. W. INMAN,  
of Cambridge, treats of *The Necessity of a Royal Com-  
mission of Inquiry*. He considers that it will be as  
beneficial to the Universities as to the public, by con-  
firming what is good in them, and by helping to reform  
abuses. He believes that there are lurking abuses that  
fear the light, and hence the clamour against inquiry.  
—The Rev. C. A. ROW, of Oxford, has taken the  
same views, and in a *Letter to Sir R. H. Inglis, in reply  
to his Speech on University Reform*, asserts that at  
Oxford, at least, there is a great deal that needs to be  
looked into. He also anticipates great benefits from the  
commission, if only by the stimulus it will give to self-  
improvement. —The Rev. THOMAS BISSET, of Cam-  
bridge, following in their wake, has addressed to Lord  
JOHN RUSSELL *A Letter of Suggestions on University  
Reform*, in which he minutely describes the prominent  
defects of the existing system, and indicates the remedies  
that should be applied. This essay is a practical one.  
It shows what should be *done*. —Lord WHARNCLEFFE  
has given to the world, in the form of a letter to Sir  
JAMES GRAHAM, his thoughts on the *Abolition of the  
Vice-Royalty of Ireland*, the purpose of which is to  
prove that it would be better to transfer the manage-  
ment of Irish affairs to the Secretary of State for the  
Home Department, than to create an exclusive minister  
for that purpose. He thinks it would more thoroughly  
*fuse* the two countries. And we cordially agree with  
his Lordship in this. —Lord Brougham's *Speech on  
the Office of Lord Chancellor* has been reprinted in a  
pamphlet, by RIDGWAY. It will help the coming dis-  
cussion. —Three more of the *Tracts on Protection*  
have been sent to us. What use are they? There is  
a vulgar but expressive proverb that "the proof of the  
pudding is in the eating." We are now eating the pud-  
ding, and the proof is *perfect*. We have universal  
plenty, growing commerce, increasing revenue, a con-  
tented people, diminishing poor-rates, fewer criminals,  
fewer bankrupts, than under protection. *Experience*  
has proved the fallacy of the warnings of the Protec-  
tionists, every one of which has turned out to be false.  
With such evidence about us, what sane person can  
doubt that free trade, however, for a time, it may in-  
convenience the few who profited by protection at the  
expense of the many, is really greatly beneficial to the  
mass of the community, to the country as a whole. No  
amount of theory will shake the decisive evidence of  
*facts*, now palpable to everybody.

#### RELIGION.

THE Gorham controversy continues to produce a flight  
of pamphlets. The Rev. JOHN RICHARDSON, M.A., of  
Appleby, has published *A Letter to the Rev. W. Goode,  
M.A., containing an examination of his incapacitating  
conditions, &c.* It is written in the trenchant style of  
the combative theologians of the Reformation, half of it  
abuse, half argument. There is a *smearing* manner and  
a sort of heavy fun, quite unbecoming a controversy on  
*any* subject, much less a sacred one. It is a melancholy  
exhibition for a divine and master of a grammar school,  
who ought to possess temper and discretion, both of  
which are painfully wanting in this pamphlet. —Lord  
CONGLETON has addressed the public in a few pages  
on *The True Idea of Baptism*. He takes the other  
side of the question, and argues strongly *against* the  
doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration. The tone of the  
pamphlet is in pleasing contrast with the former one.  
The layman is vastly more temperate and calmly argu-  
mentative than the divine. He addresses the reason,  
Mr. RICHARDSON appeals mainly to the passions.

*The Parables of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ: with the Practical Exposition of John Bird Sumner, D.D., Archbishop of Canterbury.* By the Rev. GEORGE WILKINSON, B.D. London: Cox.

THIS is a careful selection of so much of Dr. SUMNER'S famous work on the Gospels, as relates to the Parables of our Lord. Mr. WILKINSON has performed his useful task with care and judgment. It will be acceptable to thousands who could not afford to purchase, or have not time to read, the larger work from which it is taken.

#### EDUCATION AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

*Drawing from Objects: being an Abstract of Lessons on Linear Drawing, given at the Home and Colonial Training Schools. Chiefly designed for Teachers.* By HANNAH BOLTON. London: Groombridge.

THIS is a handbook for beginners. It carefully avoids all technical terms; it makes the laws of perspective intelligible in plain words, and according to natural methods, readily to be understood by young persons. The illustrations are copious. Teachers in all schools will find it an invaluable assistant, and no person learning to draw should be without it, both for study and reference. We have never seen the subject so clearly treated, and we are sure that all who have to deal with it, whether as tutors or learners, will thank us for having introduced to their notice so great a help as they will find this volume to be.

*The Parents' Guide. A Treatise on the Methods of Rearing Children, from their earliest Infancy; comprising the essential branches of Moral and Physical Education.* By J. LAURIE, M.D. London: Leith.

ALTHOUGH adopting Homœopathy as the foundation of his treatment, Dr. LAURIE'S instructions for the management of children abound in practical good sense. He takes Nature for his guide always. What does Nature dictate? How does she work to preserve health and cure disease? What is the rational method of nursing, and feeding, and training the infant frame, in accordance with the laws of Physiology? These are the questions always asked by Dr. LAURIE, and which he always answers with the acuteness of an observing, and the sense of a reflecting, mind. Having reviewed the entire management of a child from the moment of its birth, he shows how its ailments should be treated, so as most readily and perfectly to be cured. We have seldom seen so sensible a book, and we can recommend it to parents as one from which they will derive a vast amount of useful, because thoroughly practical, information on a subject of vital interest to themselves and their families.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*Old Portraits and Modern Sketches.* By JOHN G. WHITTIER. Ticknor, Reed & Fields. New York.

A VOLUME of very acceptable sketches of character from the pen of the Quaker poet, drawn from the trials of his English forefathers, with a modern instance or two thrown in from America. CHARLES LAMB has taught us, in the wide circle of his sympathies, to respect the soul literature of the early Quakers, the narratives of FOX, of NAYLER, and the journal of WOOLMAN, and he has thereby identified himself with the history of the sect. We looked for his name quite as a matter of course in Mr. WHITTIER'S biographies; for often as his story has been told of late, there is no one of right understanding in the matter, who would not willingly read it over again in the appreciative record of this little volume. While making passing allusion to ELIA, however, we might as well have it off our mind that our author does him, we think, some injustice in the preliminary remarks on the abolitionist editor, NATHANIEL PEABODY ROGERS. The personal qualities of the latter we can readily

believe from Mr. WHITTIER'S testimony, to have been of the most endearing kind, but the specimens given of his writings, and the narrative of his actions do not bear out the estimate of his character in comparison with LAMB. "The tendency of his mind" we are told of Mr. R., "was to extremes. A zealous Calvinistic church member, he became an equally zealous opponent of churches and priests; a warm politician, he became an ultra non-resistant and no-government man." Now LAMB, on the contrary, and it marks a very wide difference of character, was always of sound judgment, of a depth of feeling which could not oscillate in extremes. He knew what passion was, yet was not passion's slave. He could not be blown about by the whiffs of the times. And as the man so his style. Mr. WHITTIER says of Rogers, "he had LAMB'S genial humour and quaintness, his nice and delicate perception of the beautiful and poetic; his happy, easy diction, not the result, as in the case of the English essayist, of slow and careful elaboration, but the natural, spontaneous language in which his conceptions at once embodied themselves, apparently without any consciousness of effort." Now here we have two examples of the loose method of writing of the day: in the first place, a comparison where there is no resemblance; and in the second, a description by negatives. Mr. ROGERS was a very ready, clever newspaper writer, who could throw off a squib in a rather thin style of witty pretensions, rather than wit in the columns of the *Herald of Freedom*. But he was not CHARLES LAMB in any way, though Mr. WHITTIER seems to say that he had his "humour," "quaintness" "nice and delicate perception," was not "elaborate," &c.; in fine, giving the impression to a reader acquainted with neither, that LAMB was somehow a heavy fellow, compared with the New England editor. This style of writing is below Mr. WHITTIER, who, as a painter of character, and a poet of deserved reputation, owes to the world a higher method of discrimination. We will not press the contrast of the two men on the score of philanthropy, though we cannot agree, with LAMB'S life full before us, that Mr. ROGERS had "higher views." LAMB'S life was one act of heroic self-sacrifice; he was always strengthening himself (not "self-indulgently") to support others.

Again, the paper on WILLIAM LEGGETT has an exaggerated air which we do find in the portraits of the elder worthies. Perhaps the latter need no exaggeration.

The opening paper on JOHN BUNYAN is in the true vein, detecting the autobiography of the Pilgrim's Progress from the confessions of the "Grace abounding to the Chief of Sinners," which is characterized as

The record of a journey more terrible than that of the ideal Pilgrim; "truth stranger than fiction;" the painful upward struggling of a spirit from the blackness of despair and blasphemy, into the high, pure air of Hope and Faith. More earnest words were never written. It is the entire unveiling of a human heart; the tearing off of the fig-leaf covering of its sin. The voice which speaks to us from these old pages seems not so much that of a denizen of the world in which we live, as of a soul at the last solemn confessional. Shorn of all ornament, simple and direct as the contrition and prayer of childhood, when for the first time the Spectre of Sin stands by its bed-side, the style is that of a man dead to self-gratification, careless of the world's opinion, and only desirous to convey to others, in all truthfulness and sincerity, the lesson of his inward trials, temptations, sins, weaknesses, and dangers; and to give glory to Him who had mercifully led him through all, and enabled him, like his own Pilgrim, to leave behind

the Valley of the Shadow of Death, the snares of the Enchanted Ground, and the terrors of Doubting Castle, and to reach the land of Beulah, where the air was sweet and pleasant, and the birds sang and the flowers sprang up around him, and the Shining Ones walked in the brightness of the not distant heaven. In the introductory pages he says: "I could have dipped into a style higher than this in which I have discoursed, and could have adorned all things more than here I have seemed to do; but I dared not. God did not play in tempting me; neither did I play when I sunk, as it were, into a bottomless pit, when the pangs of hell took hold on me; wherefore, I may not play in relating of them, but be plain and simple, and lay down the thing as it was."

THOMAS ELLWOOD follows, memorable as the man to whom JOHN MILTON intrusted the *Paradise Lost* in MS. to read, and give his opinion of. Mr. WHITTIER gives the passage of ELLWOOD'S autobiography, in which MILTON is first introduced. One ISAAC PENNINGTON undertakes to promote ELLWOOD'S studies by getting him the situation of reader to the blind poet:

#### MILTON'S DINING ROOM.

"He had," says Ellwood, "an intimate acquaintance with Dr. Paget, a physician of note in London, and he with John Milton, a gentleman of great note for learning throughout the learned world, for the accurate pieces he had written on various subjects and occasions.

"This person, having filled a public station in the former times, lived a private and retired life in London, and, having lost his sight, kept always a man to read for him, which usually was the son of some gentleman of his acquaintance, whom, in kindness, he took to improve in his learning.

"Thus, by the mediation of my friend Isaac Pennington with Dr. Paget, and through him with John Milton, was I admitted to come to him, not as a servant to him, nor to be in the house with him, but only to have the liberty of coming to his house at certain hours when I would, and read to him what books he should appoint, which was all the favour I desired.

"He received me courteously, as well for the sake of Dr. Paget, who introduced me, as of Isaac Pennington, who recommended me, to both of whom he bore a good respect. And, having inquired divers things of me, with respect to my former progression in learning, he dismissed me, to provide myself with such accommodations as might be most suitable to my studies.

"I went, therefore, and took lodgings as near to his house (which was then in Jewin-street) as I conveniently could, and from thenceforth went every day in the afternoon, except on the first day of the week, and, sitting by him in his dining-room read to him such books in the Latin tongue as he pleased to have me read.

"He perceiving with what earnest desire I had pursued learning, gave me not only all the encouragement, but all the help he could. For, having a curious ear, he understood by my tone when I understood what I read and when I did not, and accordingly would stop me, examine me, and open the most difficult passages to me."

At another time, in 1665, when the plague was in London, MILTON desires to escape to the country, and consults his friend ELLWOOD, who writes:

#### THE MS. OF PARADISE LOST.

"Wherefore, some little time before I went to Aylesbury jail, I was desired by my quondam Master Milton to take a house for him in the neighbourhood where I dwelt, that he might go out of the city for the safety of himself and his family, the pestilence then growing hot in London. I took a pretty box for him in Giles Chalfont, a mile from me, of which I gave him notice, and intended to have waited on him and seen him well settled, but was prevented by that imprisonment. But now being released and returned home, I soon made a visit to him, to welcome him into the country. After some common discourse had passed between us, he called for a manuscript of his, which having brought, he delivered to me, bidding me take it home with me and read it at my leisure, and when I had so done, return it to him with my judgment thereupon."



Now, what does the reader think young Ellwood carried in his grey coat pocket across the dykes and hedges and through the green lanes of Giles Chalfont that autumn day? Let us look further: "When I came home, and had set myself to read it, I found it was that excellent poem which he entitled 'Paradise Lost.' After I had, with the best attention, read it through, I made him another visit; and, returning his book with due acknowledgment of the favour he had done me in communicating it to me, he asked me how I liked it, and what I thought of it, which I modestly but freely told him; and, after some further discourse about it, I pleasantly said to him, 'Thou hast said much here of *Paradise Lost*; what hast thou to say of *Paradise Found*?' He made me no answer, but sat some time in a muse, then brake off that discourse, and fell upon another subject."

"I modestly but freely told him what I thought of *Paradise Lost*!" What he told him remains a mystery. One would like to know more precisely what the first critical reader of that song "of man's first disobedience" thought of it. Fancy the young Quaker and blind Milton sitting some pleasant afternoon of the autumn of that old year, in "the pretty box" at Chalfont, the soft wind through the open window lifting the thin hair of the glorious old Poet! Backslidden England, plague-smitten, and accursed with her faithless Church and libertine King, knows little of poor "Master Milton," and takes small note of his puritanic verse making. Alone, with his humble friend, he sits there, conning over that poem which he fondly hoped the world, which had grown all dark and strange to the author, "would not willingly let die." The suggestion in respect to *Paradise Found*, to which, as we have seen, "he made no answer, but sat some time in a muse," seems not to have been lost; for, "after the sickness was over," continues Ellwood, "and the city was well cleansed, and become safely habitable again, he returned thither; and when afterwards I waited on him there, which I seldom failed of doing whenever my occasions drew me to London, he showed me his second poem called *Paradise Gained*; and, in a pleasant tone, said to me, 'This is owing to you, for you put it into my head, by the question you put to me at Chalfont, which before I had not thought of.'"

The sketches of NAYLER, ANDREW MARVELL, JOHN ROBERTS, whose stout, manly independence in the days of the Non-Conformists is a new story, from rare Quaker authorities, with old New England, SAMUEL HOPKINS, and the firm name of RICHARD BAXTER, are all happily introduced, in their lives and writings.

*The Living Authors of America. First Series.*  
By THOMAS POWELL, author of "The Living Authors of England." New York: Stringer. 1850.

This work is a continuation of a former one, which attained some popularity in America, on *The Living Authors of England*, and that was probably suggested by GILFILLAN's *Gallery of Literary Portraits*. But Mr. POWELL is wanting in that delicate appreciation of the qualities of the genius he is surveying, which have given a deserved celebrity to the criticisms of Mr. GILFILLAN. Nevertheless, he is not without merit, and, although, when writing of the authors of England, there was not enough of originality of remark to recommend a trite subject to notice here, now that he is dealing with a topic upon which he is better qualified to treat, and which has more of novelty to interest, we propose to introduce his recent volume to the notice of the readers of THE CRITIC.

Of COOPER he forms a fair and impartial judgment. There is too much similarity in his plots. Their charm is "the perfect truthfulness of their forest scenery." His best novels are those of the backwoods: but then

he has worn them threadbare. He is also too prosy in his dialogues. He wants humour; "he has written too much, and published too fast."

EMERSON is the most original writer the New World has produced. "He writes least like an American of any author we have read." It is as a poet that Mr. POWELL treats him, and he praises him very highly, more so than we can approve. To us he appears hard, laborious, abstract and unpractical, and the illustrations produced by his critic serve to confirm our opinion of him.

Of his prose Mr. POWELL thus speaks:

#### EMERSON AS A PROSE WRITER.

When another accuses a man of being unintelligible, it generally only means that he does not understand him. So far from being a reproach to the poet, it is a confession of ignorance on the part of the critic. Were it not so, the mysteries of the Trinity might be turned against itself; the secret of existence would be considered as conclusive evidence against vitality, and all the spiritual creation ignored at a blow.

Judging Emerson by this standard, we feel bound to say that we consider him a consistent and logical writer. That his style is somewhat involved we readily admit, but there is a force and condensation about it that fixes it on the mind. To be sure, we cannot run and read it as we run, but it was not intended for a novel or a book of gossip. It is a serious attempt to pass his knowledge into the masses; to give to the million who do not and will not think, the result of labours of the one who does. We must not look for flippancy of style, any more than frivolity of thought. Philosophy is a solemnity, not a jest; and Emerson has very little of Rabelais or Democritus in his composition.

Mr. Emerson's first speech to the public was a small volume called "Nature," which he, in setting out, defines as, "All which philosophy distinguishes as the 'NOT ME'; that is, both nature and art, all other men, and my own body." He defines a lover of nature as one "whose inward and outward senses are still truly adjusted to each other, who has retained the spirit of infancy even into the era of manhood."

The following description of his own feelings in the presence of Nature is very characteristic:

"In good health, the air is a cordial of incredible virtue. Crossing a bare common, in snow puddles, at twilight, under a clouded sky, without having in my thoughts any occurrence of special good fortune, I have enjoyed a perfect exhilaration; almost I fear to think how glad I am."

As a companion to this moral of self-revelation, we give:

"Nature always wears the colours of the spirit. To a man labouring under calamity, the heat of his own fire hath sadness in it; then there is a kind of contempt of the landscape felt by him who has just lost by death a dear friend: the sky is less grand as it shuts down over less worth in the population."

And he sums up thus:

Mr. Emerson possesses so many characteristics of genius that his want of universality is the more to be regretted; the leading feature of his mind is intensity; he is deficient in heart sympathy. Full to overflowing with intellectual appreciation, he is incapable of that embracing reception of impulses which gives to Byron so large a measure of influence and fame. Emerson is elevated, but not expansive; his flight is high, but not extensive. He has a magnificent vein of the purest gold, but it is not a mine. To vary our illustration somewhat, he is not a world, but a district; a lofty and commanding eminence we admit, but only a very small portion of the true Poet's universe. What, however, he has done is permanent, and America will always in after times be proud of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and consider him one of her noblest sons.

Of WILLIS, is said truly "there is a want of naturalness in his writings which will inevitably affect their continuance, and we have doubts whether any of his numerous prose works will remain permanent portions

of literature." We have no doubt: and for the same reasons.

The persiflage and piquancy of his style, which are now so enticing, will in a few years become the obscurers of his fame, just as the pertness and vivacity of the blooming girl become intolerable in the matron. Posterity demands something substantial, condensed, and truthful. It is a very close-judging critic, and all personal considerations are lost upon it. Appeals to feeling are unknown; it is the Rhadamanthus of authors. The present race, on the other hand, are too apt to overlook the solid merits of a work, and be taken by the tinsel of the outside garb; they choose beauty, grace, or accomplishment, before virtue or truth. Many honourable, noble natures sit in the judgment-seat and discourse most excellent music, but their audiences grow weary and thin away, till they themselves depart unheeded; while the dancing girl, organ-grinder, tumbler, or Punch and Judy, have a ready and numerous crowd of listeners.

Yet WILLIS can be natural sometimes, as witness the following:

#### SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

I love to look on a scene like this,  
Of wild and careless play,  
And persuade myself that I am not old,  
And my locks are not yet grey.

For it stirs the blood in an old man's heart,  
And makes his pulses fly,  
To catch the thrill of a happy voice,  
And the light of a pleasant eye.

I have walked the world for fourscore years,  
And they say that I am old,  
That my heart is ripe for the reaper Death,  
And my years are well nigh told.

It is very true: it is very true,  
I am old and I bide my time,  
But my heart will leap at a scene like this,  
And half renew my prime.

Play on, play on, I am with you there,  
In the midst of your merry ring,  
I can feel the thrill of the daring jump,  
And the rush of the breathless swing.

I hide with you in the fragrant hay,  
And I whoop the smothered call,  
And my feet slip up on the seedy floor,  
And I care not for the fall.

I am willing to die when my time shall come,  
And I shall be glad to go,  
For the world at best is a weary place,  
And my pulse is getting low.

But the grave is dark, and the heart will fail  
In treading its gloomy way  
And it whiles my heart from its dreariness,  
To see the young so gay.

His *forte*, however, is decidedly that of elegant banter. The following is highly characteristic of his genius:

#### LOVE IN A COTTAGE.

You may talk of love in a cottage,  
And bowers of trellised vine,  
Of nature bewitchingly simple,  
And milkmaids half divine.

But give me a sly flirtation,  
By the light of a chandelier,  
With music to play in the pauses,  
And nobody very near.  
Or a seat on a silken sofa,  
With a glass of pure old wine,  
And mamma too blind to discover  
The small white hand in mine.  
Your love in a cottage is hungry,  
Your vine is a nest for flies,  
Your milkmaid shocks the graces,  
And simplicity talks of pies.

True love is at home on a carpet,  
And mightily likes his ease,  
And true love has an eye for a dinner,  
And starves beneath shady trees.  
His wing is the fan of a lady,  
His foot's an invisible thing,  
And his arrow is tipped with a jewel,  
And shot from a silver string.

Of LONGFELLOW, Mr. POWELL says,

There is great sympathy with nature in most of Mr. Longfellow's writings, but it is not of that fresh, dewy kind which shows nature. There is too much of being persuaded into the loveliness of outward things by an

effort of the mind, and not of the heart; there is more of the scholar than the lover in his admiration. He is too fastidious to be natural. His hymns to his Goddess breathe too strongly of the lamp.

Pleasant it was, when woods were green,  
And winds were soft and low,  
To lie amid some sylvan scene,  
Where, the long drooping boughs between,  
Shadows dark and sunlight shewn  
Alternately come and go.

Or where the denser grove receives  
No sunlight from above,  
But the dark foliage interweaves  
In one unbroken roof of leaves,  
Underneath whose sloping eaves  
The shadows hardly move.

Beneath some patriarchal tree  
I lay upon the ground;  
His hoary arms uplifted he,  
And all the broad leaves over me  
Clapped their little hands in glee,  
With one continuous sound.

A slumberous sound—a sound that brings  
The feelings of a dream,  
As of innumerable wings,  
As when a bell no longer swings,  
Faint the hollow murmur rings,  
O'er meadow, lake, and stream.

All this, though reminding us strongly of Coleridge, both in thought and expression, is a very favourable specimen of that elegant sympathy with nature which is so distinguishing a feature in our author's poetry. It lacks that freshness which has made Wordsworth so great a writer.

And thus he speaks of

BRYANT.

There is a calm classical dignity about Mr. Bryant's muse, which in the eyes of many is considered as an equivalent for that fire and energy which is so fascinating to the lovers of poetry. The tone of his productions is elevated, but not stirring. We assent to his reflections: we do not feel with him. There is nothing rapid and breathless in his flights: they are equable and sustained. There is an air of Grecian elegance about his writings, which convinces us he never abandons himself to the impulses of the Pythess. At times, this amounts to a severity which chills his readers, and impresses them with the idea that he is moralizing in verse, and not throwing off the rushing thoughts that crowd his brain in the first bold snatches of sound. There is more of the cultivation of the poet than of the nature or instinct; indeed, occasionally, the determination to compose is painfully apparent; it seems the effort of his will, and not a revelation of his hidden spirit.

As an instance, what a piece of quiet and effective painting is

THE BURIAL PLACE.

Erewhile, on England's pleasant shores, our sires  
Left not their churchyards unadorned with shades  
Or blossoms; and indulgent to the strong  
And natural dread of man's last home, the grave,  
Its frost and silence—they disposed around,  
To soothe the melancholy spirit that dwelt  
Too sadly on life's close, the forms and hues  
Of vegetable beauty. There the yew,  
Green even amid the snows of winter, told  
Of immortality, and gracefully  
The willow, a perpetual mourner, drooped;  
And there the gadding woodbine crept about,  
And there the ancient ivy. From the spot  
Where the sweet maiden, in her blossoming years  
Cut off, was laid with streaming eyes, and hands  
That trembled as they placed her there, the rose  
Sprung modest, on bowed stalk, and better spoke  
Her graces, than the proudest monument.  
There children set about their playmate's grave  
The pansy. On the infant's little bed,  
Wet at its planting with maternal tears,  
Emblem of early sweetness, early death,  
Nestled the lowly primrose. Childless dames  
And maids that would not raise the reddened eye—  
Orphans, from whose young lids the light of joy  
Fled early,—silent lovers, who had given  
All that they lived for to the arms of earth,  
Came often, o'er the recent grave to strew  
Their offerings, rue, and rosemary, and flowers.

But here we must pause. Should an opportunity offer, we may return to this volume.

## LAW PROPERTY ASSURANCE AND TRUST SOCIETY.

### GUARANTEE.

THE practice of requiring a security from Clerks and Servants whose employment entrusts them with receipt of money has become almost universal, few Employers being willing to take such a servant without having such a security.

This most useful object has been promoted by the establishment of Guarantee Societies, which, for payment of a small annual fee, give to the employer the security which he demands of his servant.

It is one of the most important objects of the *Law Property Assurance Society* to afford to Employers and Employed new and increased facilities for this sort of Security by way of Guarantee.

It proposes to give a Guarantee alone, in the same manner, and on the same terms, as the existing Guarantee Offices.

But it, also, has resolved to establish a Guarantee on terms very much more advantageous to employer and employed than have yet been adopted.

The plan is as follows:

At present, the person for whom the Guarantee is required pays to a Guarantee Office so much per cent. per annum to give such Guarantee for him. His payment is small, but it is wholly lost to him.

But the *Law Property Assurance Society* will, by uniting with Guarantee an Annuity or Life Assurance, or both, enable the honest man to save the cost of the Guarantee, and lay it up as a provision for his old age, or for his family.

For instance, suppose that you (the reader) are called upon by your employer to give him security for due accounting for his money that may come into your hands, by means of a Guarantee from some Society.

If you go to other Societies, you will obtain your *Guarantee* on payment of two or three pounds a year; but then all those payments are lost to you, and you receive no future benefit from them.

But if you go to the *Law Property Assurance Society* to obtain your Guarantee, you may, at the same cost, or at a very trifling addition, make the following bargain:

This Society will give you the Guarantee, and also contract to give you an *Annuity* in your old age, to commence at any time you may desire, or to pay to your family a sum of money at your death, or both.

So that, in fact, you make a provision for yourself by the very money which elsewhere only secures your honesty; you reap the full advantage of your honesty, and, in fact, you obtain your *Guarantee for nothing!*

It is unnecessary to dwell upon the immense benefits of such an arrangement to both the employed and the employers. They need only to be understood to be appreciated, and we hope we have succeeded in making them intelligible.

And the same principle is extended to *any persons* who are required to give security for fidelity to another person.

With such facilities, no person will now be obliged to put himself under an obligation to friends to become bound for him. He may obtain that accommodation from this Society, and at the same time perform the duty of making a provision for himself and his family.

## MUSIC.

*The Voices of the Bells.* Composed by J. F. DUGGAN.

*The Gathering of the Nations.* Composed by J. F. DUGGAN.

THE first playful and musical, like the tones they celebrate, the other a bold inspiring strain, composed in anticipating the celebration of the gathering of 1851, are highly creditable specimens of Mr. DUGGAN'S abilities. He promises well.

## MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT CHAT.

FANNY KEMBLE (late Mrs. Butler) is said to meditate returning to England in September, with the intention of giving a series of dramatic readings.—Gli Montecchi is shortly to be presented at Her Majesty's Theatre, with Mdlle. Parodi and Madame Frezzolini as the hero and heroine.—The profits of the recent performance at Sadler's Wells Theatre in aid of the funds for the Exhibition amount to 107l.—A performance in aid of the funds of the great Industrial Exhibition of 1851 was given last week, at the Olympic Theatre, under the patronage of the Marylebone Committee, by a party of amateurs consisting of members of the Marylebone Literary and Scientific Institution and their friends. The pieces chosen were Mr. Lovell's play of *Love's Sacrifice*, and Mr. Planche's drama of *Charles the Twelfth*.—On Saturday a meeting of printers was held at the White Hart Tavern, Catherine-street, Strand, for the purpose of establishing the "Printers' Amateur Dramatic Society," the object of which is to afford, from time to time, pecuniary aid from the funds raised by amateur dramatic and musical performances to the benevolent and charitable institutions connected with the printing trade. The routine business having been disposed of and the officers of the society elected, it was resolved that a proposition made by Mr. Tallent, viz., that the society should be inaugurated by a performance, the proceeds of which should be contributed to the funds of the Industrial Exhibition of 1851, should be carried into effect, and the committee were instructed to take the necessary steps for getting up the performance in the course of the ensuing month.—Centenary performances in commemoration of the death-day of John Sebastian Bach,—the 28th of July,—are about to be held at Leipsic (where an assemblage of two thousand executants is to be convened for the execution of some of the master's greatest works), at Berlin, at Magdeburg, at Hamburg, and at other towns in North Germany.—Madame Ugalde has recovered her health and voice in the south of France: that Herr Döhler whose elegant talent and personal amiability would have made his loss a severe one, has regained his former vigour by "following a water-course" at Gräfenberg,—has resumed his habits of composition—and is projecting a tour into Russia.

## ART.

### THE NATIONAL INSTITUTION.

WE have spoken of all the subject-pictures at this gallery requiring notice, except those of Messrs. ROSSETTI and DEVERELL. The former exhibits an *Annunciation*, *Ecce Ancilla Domini* (225), which is in symbolic treatment, the completion of his last year's work. *The Girlhood of Mary Virgin*. The emblem of her growing discipline in purity, the embroidery of a lily which she was there represented working after one watered by an angel, is here shown folded up on its frame as finished. She is fit to receive the great tidings,—to be the Lord's handmaid, blessed among women. And the lily which heretofore was the example for her reproduction, is now presented to her by the angel of the message, is become her's and a part of her for ever. The type has found its antitype, and is exhausted therein. The expression of the Virgin is of craving submission, of a longing which sees the glory through the obedience, and to the satisfying of which the glory would fail, had she not already said in her heart, "Thy will be done." The Angel, floating without wings, will not quite alight on the earth: round his feet are flames of the supernal fire; and his countenance, though not stern, is austere solemn. It is early morning, while the house is yet hushed, the dawn of the new cycle from God; the Virgin herself is but just awake at the presence of the Angel, and has raised herself upon her bed listening. Such is the



picture; the emblem of purity carried out into the white walls and floor, into the garb of the Angel and the Virgin's long robe, pure white, and into the curtain of the bed, blue, as suggestive of heaven. Accessories there are none, we may almost say; the feeling of the work forbidding any save such as might serve a typical purpose, and they few and simple. The standard, not of form, for in every part the immediate study from nature is evident, but of material embodiment, is that of the early Italian devotional paintings, as being, if the most spiritually earnest, so also the most capable of reducing to expression the religious sentiment. The painting of the work is throughout careful, and, in the heads, limbs, and draperies, that of the Virgin especially, extremely minute; stippled to a degree that would, we think, fail to impart sufficient force or breadth to a picture of extended scale. Some lack of the superhuman nature may be felt in the head of the Angel; and the appearance of floating is not entirely realized: a result to which the straight unwavering form of the priest's chasuble in which he is habited, with its long vertical folds, probably contributes. Mr. ROSSETTI has acted wisely in painting the hair of the Virgin without the adjunct of gilt, which, in his other picture, seemed, however, to aim at expressing rather honour and reverence than mere exterior fact. Seldom have we met with works in which the painter's art is so severely confined, without carelessness or inaccuracy, to the office of a vehicle for representing ideas.

MR. DEVERELL's subject is the singing of the song from *Twelfth Night* (143):

"The spinners and the knitters in the sun,  
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,  
Do use to chaunt it. It is silly, sooth,  
And dallies with the innocence of love,  
Like the old age."

The value of the picture is to be sought for more in the general character than in particulars: and this is as it should be. It is the sentiment of the scene that had to be realized; a dreamy beauty and melancholy, echoing, not in the words of one speech, but through the tenor of all: so, in its embodiment by art, should all incidents merge into one suggestion. That Mr. DEVERELL should altogether accomplish this would be as absurd to maintain as unreasonable to expect. Shakspeare himself has but accomplished it, and through a medium more metaphysical and concentrative. But there is here sufficient feeling in the several groups, and sufficient oneness of interest to draw together and combine our apprehension of their individual excellences. The musicians and the personages of the background, together with the background itself, go far to the expression of the picture;—a fact significant and implying congruity with the chief action: and we think that much has been done towards overcoming one grand difficulty which stands at the threshold of the subject,—the union, that is, of general connecting sentiment and personal character in the Clown. For the Duke something of a more noble refinement, and certainly of nobler action, might have been selected; and, of the two pages to the right, while we are willing to admit, trivial as it is, the swinging of a button by one, as pre-supposing abstraction, we demur to the other, who imitates the motion of playing on a flute,—an action which, though clearly referring the spectator to music, does not refer him to the music of the picture. The head of *Viola* is beautifully intended, but not physically beautiful enough, owing, as we fancy, to inadequate execution; and her position is in perfect accordance and subordination to the pervading idea. She looks at the Duke, with meekly raised eyes and in quiet thought: the music is about her, and translates itself into the current of her own fancies, and these into itself. The costume of this figure is too flimsily theatrical; and we think the impolicy as well as immodesty of her very short dress must have been overlooked by the painter. In general, however, the costumes tell well, whether really correct or not. The colour is rather pale, and, without being careless, seems in a manner to want the last finishing. Mr. DEVERELL has here, for the first time in a form at all conspicuous, entered on art boldly and with credit to himself; his faults are those of youth, and his beauties will doubtless mature into the resources of a true artist.

These two works have been ascribed to the same class as those of Messrs. HUNT and MILLAIS, at the Royal Academy; a class, it may be allowed, sufficiently capacious in its range of subject, and admitting of not a few modifications in treatment. But perhaps it will finally be discovered that these artists are not imitating a style ready made for them, and are copyists of none but nature, with such adjuncts of style as their eyes teach them, and they have taught their hands to reproduce.

Mr. A. W. WILLIAMS and Mr. PERCY assert their wonted supremacy in landscape. These artists seem

to be almost too thoroughly impressed with the true character of our English climate, and the aspect under which it familiarizes us with nature. They appear to be always out on the rainy days: and, having come to look upon showeriness as the necessary condition of the atmosphere, portray an actual shower in hues generally attributed to a storm, as evidenced in Mr. WILLIAMS's (No. 126.) Perhaps the only absolute exception to this rule in the present exhibition is Mr. PERCY's *Bright Autumn Day* (No. 209), an exquisite gem. There is a bright sun certainly in Mr. WILLIAMS's chief work, *Noon* (No. 41): but the luminousness is not all-pervading or limpidly serene. Some rather coarse touch in the left foreground might have been avoided. The picture, however, is admirable in many respects, and certainly true to one phase of nature. But, in works of large dimensions, Mr. PERCY ranks highest this year. His *Welsh Mountains* (No. 277), is wonderfully fine; with its impressively dark foreground, the sustaining mass of dimmer hills receding to distance, its heavy sloping sky, and the sun about to shine out. It is full of a large character, poetic, indeed, but appertaining emphatically to pictorial art. Scarcely less successful is No. 207, *A Woodland River* (No. 242), *The Skirts of a Common; Isle of Wight*, and Mr. WILLIAMS's *Medmenham Ferry* (No. 54), are somewhat too much of self repetitions; and the similarity of style between the two brothers is strikingly shown in No. 20, by the latter, *A Summer's Day on the Thames*, which we should have been inclined to attribute to Mr. PERCY's hand. The same may be said of *A Scene in Sussex* (No. 161), by Mr. A. GILBERT, also, we believe, a member of the WILLIAMS family.

Of Mr. NIEMANN's very numerous contributions, we can notice but a few. Had these few been all, our task would doubtless have been pleasanter: but Mr. NIEMANN, in resolving to produce quantity, must have knowingly committed himself to inferiority of quality. In the *Nightingale Valley, Clifton* (No. 257), is a preposterous attempt at making the public accept as a "fine frenzy" what the artist knows to be the shallowest imposture, a mere intertangling of black strokes. Mr. NIEMANN has done himself more justice in the *Landscape* (No. 72), which puts the spectator in a position to divine what such natural endowments would be capable of; but the surface of the picture is maltreated, in the make-believe of masterliness, after a fashion that suggests the literal use of the sponge: and (No. 240), *A Warm Shower*, is similarly spoiled.

Mr. DIGHTON's landscapes are remarkable: too much so. The straining after effect is self evident; but a large portion of true native force cannot be denied to them. There is something of grandeur in the *Storm clearing off among the Welsh Hills* (No. 175), half swallowed up though it be in tricks of black and brown: strong crude colour in (No. 200), *A Study*; and a characteristic cleverness in the *Mill at Nafford* (No. 8), spite of its washy treatment, and in the *Study near Fontainebleau* (No. 14.)

Mr. PEEL exhibits several very pretty scenes, the most satisfactory of which is (No. 272), *The Wood Waggon*, with its bright colour: we notice also Nos. 42, 214. *The Ruined Tower on the Chateau de Pau* (No. 135), is a favourable specimen of Mr. OLIVER, though careless in the trees: and there is a degree of exaggeration in his *Temple of Clitumnus* (No. 23.) Messrs. HULME and THORPE exhibit, but not any thing very noticeable. Mr. LUKEING produces a work such as the French call *inqualifiable*, one to be characterized by the spectator mentally, but not by the critic verbally, *The Travelling Tinker, with a view of the City of Hereford* (No. 52): and Mr. BENTLEY is more than indifferent.

*The Beauchamp Chapel, Warwick* (No. 235), by Mr. RAYNER, is indebted for its success, not less to the presiding sense of quiet meditateness, in which the mild glow of the sunshine bears its part, than to the careful finish bestowed on its manipulation. It is a highly creditable work, more than a mere transcript of architectural fact, by its full rendering of architectural influence.

The only production at all remarkable left us to notice in the way of portraiture is that by Mr. A. CORBOULD (No. 269), rich and deep in colour. In the water-colour room, there is a Carnival sketch by M. GAVARNI, not worthy of himself or his fame; some designs by Mr. M'LAN, and portraits from the hand of Mr. BELL SMITH, the secretary to the Institution,—of various degrees of merit.

Among the animal-painters, Mr. W. BARRAUD is conspicuous and respectable; Mr. DUFFIELD, clever in colour; and Mr. EARL's *Wounded Mallard* (No. 125), judiciously rendered. But, in this class, the water colours of a lady with whose name we had not yet been familiar, Mrs. WITHERS, stand supreme.

These are not only the best here, but would be extraordinary anywhere. More literally, more completely, and more excellently felt in all its details than this lady's *Bantam Hen and Chickens* (No. 333), a subject of the same description cannot be; more perfectly characteristic, or more free from trick or exaggeration. Scarcely inferior are the *Canaries* (No. 366); but we question the perspective of the bason. Her other five works contain charming qualities, all being painted solidly, without flashiness or flimsiness. We have reserved Mrs. WITHERS's works for the end, that we might conclude with a pleasant last word, and protest, in taking leave of the Exhibition, that these, as being the most truthful and showing the most advanced attainment in their own style, are more really works of fine art than, after allowing for two or three honourable exceptions, are to be elsewhere discovered in the gallery of the National Institution.

#### THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

WHAT between especial predilections in some cases, the duty of early protest in others, and suchlike causes, we have somehow not yet adverted to any works by members of the Academy. Nevertheless, it is almost needless to say that there are but a very few pictures on the walls at all worthy to dispute the honours with those of some among the Academicians.

MR. LANDSEER's chief work of the present year is (No. 189), *A Dialogue at Waterloo*. This is, in the truest sense of the word, a historical picture;—not merely an embodiment of conceptions, however acute and valuable, founded on the records left us from past ages: this, on the contrary, is itself a record, a part of the time, to remain chronicled; an emphatic personal testimony. It belongs to a class of art but too little followed in our day, which leaves its own annals, for the most part, to the caricaturist and the newspaper draughtsman; a class which is more "historical" than Mr. CROSS's picture, or than Mr. LUCY's, or than M. DELAROCHE's, as not being painted from history, but itself history painted. Let us consider Mr. LANDSEER's work. It is now thirty-five years since the day of Waterloo, and Europe is another Europe since then because of that day: and here, in the picture, we have that day's Master riding in peace after these many years over the field whose name is now less the name of a field than of a battle which he fought. A woman of his house is with him; and to her he is recounting those matters as one who was there and of them. Since then, his labour has been his country's no less than on that day; but it has been wrought out in the comparative calm and silence of a peace which, but for him, she might not have enjoyed; and now, how must his memories crowd upon him as he recalls those events in which he was not an actor only, but the mind and master-spirit of action! Nothing about him but what has felt his influence;—the peasantry, whose native soil has become famous and prospered because of his deeds; the very soil itself, which the blood of his battle has fertilized and increased yearly to a plentiful harvest. All this is here, and much more, both presentment and suggestion. On the execution of the picture, its truthfulness in colour and daylight, we have left ourselves no room to dwell: we may mention, however, that the action of the Duke is, we believe, one habitual to him, and here admirably appropriate. Still less can we devote space to the discussion, in how far a subject of this class is available to the tendencies of the age. The painter's highest duty is to record, in a manner sufficiently complete for after deduction: and surely here, if any where, thus much is accomplished. Mr. LANDSEER exhibits two other pictures,—*Good Doggie* (533); and No. 281, worthy, any other year, to have been his chief work. A shepherd is descending a steep Scotch pass, mossed with snow, after two of his flock. The atmosphere, clear, and red at the horizon, is exceedingly cold.

The subject of Mr. COPE's principal picture is from the 4th Act of King Lear:

"Oh! my dear father! Restoration, hang  
Thy medicine on my lips: and may this kiss  
Repair those violent harms that my two sisters  
Have in thy reverence made!"

Nearly identical, it may be remembered, was the theme of Mr. F. M. BROWN's work of last year, the most remarkable contribution to the then "Free Exhibition;" and a comparison of the two renderings may help us to some conclusions. Firstly, Mr. COPE has assigned a more prominent place to the music, and has attempted more of physical beauty and of differences of age and position in his singers, the chief of whom, we submit, is man or woman, at option of the spectator: the other picture had a background of music; but its subject was emphatically the filial love. There

lay the potential influence; and to this the resources appealing to sense were but a ministration. Yet the subordination of the persons doing did not detract from the full presentment of the thing done, to which the ostensible action was referred by the waiting and listening heads of Kent and of the Fool,—a character not introduced by Mr. COPE. The latter, in keeping strictly to the text,—“In the heaviness of sleep we put fresh garments on him,”—has, we think, acted well, though the result is necessarily a less obvious and immediate realization: but, in all that relates to the characters of *Lear* and *Cordelia*, considered as either individual or Shaksperian, Mr. BROWN shows a far higher apprehension; nor must his adherence to appropriateness (as far as possible) in costume and accessory be overlooked, as contrasted with the unknown chronology of Mr. COPE. The colour of both is strong. Mr. COPE's, however, while specially noticeable for modelling and relief, has a degree of inkiness, as though a tone of colour naturally hot had been reduced by means of corresponding violence. Somewhat the same objection applies to the *Coloured Sketches for frescoes executed in the House of Lords* (206 & 222), in the second of which, moreover, a rank unpleasant yellow predominates; while the grouping, though sufficiently explanatory of the subject, requires concentration. The figure of the Queen (206) is gracefully felt. Of No. 517, catalogued as *Milton's Dream*, we will venture almost to assert (having reference to the figure now christened Milton) that the quotation is an afterthought. There is too much of the sylph about the “late espoused saint:” and the hour of time represented would “bring back night” not to MILTON only, but to all the world. Last among the artist's works is a *Study of a Child's Head*.

Mr. MACLISE's *Spirit of Justice*, painted in fresco in the House of Lords (No. 160), is not an example of his highest powers, and falls, we think, far short of his famous “*Spirit of Chivalry*.” That it is a heavy task, indeed, to educe anything new in the way of allegory from so well worn a subject, does not admit of dispute; yet it would not have surprised us to find more originality of treatment from so imaginative a painter as Mr. MACLISE. It might seem trivial or invidious to remark on the fact, that the figure of Justice, being poised on one leg, is leaning towards the left, and that on this side is the Angel of Retribution; but that, in symbolism, every least point is equally symbolic, and the fullness of completion is lost if a flaw in meaning be discoverable in any. The style of painting is hard, to a painful degree; in the arms of the emancipated slave especially; and there is some dubious drawing about the knee of the “free citizen.” Beyond comparison, more satisfactory is No. 56, *The Gross of Green Spectacles*—a companion-picture to the artist's “*Departure of Moses for the Fair*.” The unsuspecting triumph of Moses—the appalled resignation of the Vicar—the expression of the child, who, amid the surrounding turmoil, is intent only upon “seeing something green” through the glasses,—are admirable; and you almost hear Sophia say, “How could you do it?” The object painting—as, for instance, in the deal wood shelf—touches on perfection. Artists of the “*Gil Blas* and *Vicar of Wakefield*” school may point with confidence to this picture: were but a few more such produced, their opponents would have less reason on their side than we give them credit for.

Mr. EASTLAKE exhibits a copy, painted for the Vernon Gallery, of his picture, *The Escape of Francesco Novello di Carrara, Lord of Padua, with Taddea d'Este, his wife, from Giovanni Galeazzo Visconti, Duke of Milan* (No. 169.) The work contains great beauties, and its reproduction has evidently been a labour of love. Yet the subject, being one essentially of action, and even agitated hurry, cannot be said to be altogether suited to the extreme softness of Mr. EASTLAKE's style. In looking at it, we think of the throwing of a fragment of rock into a calm silent water. It is already at the bottom; while the large circles, distending, have almost ceased, and you scarcely know them after another moment's gazing. The active has been swallowed up in the passive. Our meaning, if it needs exemplification, will find it in the two knights, who, looking down the gorge, give notice of the approach of the serpent banner. They seem to have dreamed themselves into conviction, and their eyes have had time to settle into a “mild minded melancholy.” We must beg the reader, however, to believe that we are fully as sensible as himself to the lovely face of the wife, and to the other abundant traces of high qualities of art and sentiment. And we think we shall give the best proof of this, by not discussing Mr. EASTLAKE's other work (No. 72.) We will only point to a beauty of intention in the typification of the Saviour as the Good Samaritan.

There is no picture in the exhibition, to our mind,

so thoroughly satisfactory as Mr. DYCE's, *The Meeting of Jacob and Rachel* (92); but it is more than satisfactory, it is delightful. There seems to be a kind of privilege in looking at it, as though it had been painted for each of us, individually. “And Jacob kissed Rachel, and lifted up his voice, and wept.” If these divinely tender words can be at all represented in art treatment, they are so here; or we believe that Landor would allow Mr. DYCE to quote his holy of holies—those lines of Milton—

“Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,  
And sweet, reluctant, amorous delay.”

Let those who do not feel the picture, if there are such, dilate on the beauty of the flesh painting, and on the tone of colour; or, supposing them to be critical, find fault with single points of drawing;—we can only feel thankful to Mr. DYCE, for painting the work, and glad that it has been painted, for Art's sake and our own.

Of Mr. LESLIE's three pictures, the general favourite is No. 125, *Tom Jones showing to Sophia Western herself, as her best Security for his good Behaviour*. It is full of graceful feeling, and the subject is peculiarly happy of its class. The *Scene from Henry VIII.* (No. 136), is remarkable, as being, perhaps, the extreme instance of entire simplicity of arrangement, among the many most striking ones from the same hand. As far as this inartificiality goes—or even as far as the absence of anything beyond ordinary character in the subordinate personages—we have not much to object; but, in the figure of Catharine, simplicity appears to us to have degenerated into want of queenliness, if not of dignity. In this, as in the other picture, the daylight effect, for which Mr. LESLIE is so famed, is admirable, so that the spectator looks from a sufficient distance to lose the sense of over-generalization in details, and of the prevailing light tone of colour. *Beatrice* (No. 95), from “*Much-Ado-about-Nothing*,” is the third of Mr. LESLIE's contributions. The archness of the character is subdued, but not lost, in the hurried secrecy with which she runs to hide herself in the arbour.

Mr. WEBSTER's chief work—and that a small one—is a *Cherry-seller* (No. 98.) It is scarcely necessary to say, that this is first-rate, of its kind. The anxious look of the boy, as the old woman pitilessly weighs whether one more bunch be or not his lawful due, is truly excellent. It is his fate that hangs in the balance. The artist's other three works (Nos. 54, 146, 360) are cottage interiors.

In approaching the consideration of Mr. TURNER's works, it is not easy to avoid feeling an amount of diffidence—so unlike are they to the images of things seen with common eyes, yet produced by a man who, as is admitted on all hands, has painted up to actuality with surprising success. The attitude that it costs least trouble to assume is that of the scoffer: nothing less difficult than to talk of dabs of objectless red and green, and to declare the whole work “without form and void.” A second class—and the one to which we always feel inclined to belong—is that of the believers, those who have faith in the painter, and in some few of earnest mind that affirm that, to their perceptions, the intention is fully and truly realized; and who, while not denying the record and promptings of their own experience, are willing to think that truth has more aspects than one, and not all revealed to themselves. A third class, numbering, perhaps, the warmest admirers, speaks of the paintings merely as gorgeous dreams—as cognizable solely by the imaginative and in no wise by the perceptive faculties—a theory obvious and satisfactory enough, but scarcely to be reconciled, we think, with the known facts of the case and their inferences. Mr. TURNER's four subjects of this year are from the *Æneid*:—*Æneas relating his Story to Dido* (192); *The Visit to the Tomb* (373); *Mercury sent to admonish Æneas* (174); and *The Departure of the Fleet* (482); and to each work is associated an illustrative extinguisher in the form of a quotation from the now familiar, though ever mystic, “*Fallacies of Hope*.” These are all fine specimens of the artist's later style, the third especially enchanting to the eye as a glorious combination; and the sunlight piercing the morning mist in an entire mass of white glow is, perhaps, as adequate a rendering as the limited means of art are capable of. Next to this we are disposed to place *The Departure of the Fleet*, although one's prejudices are certainly not conciliated by such an explanation as that appended:—

“The orient moon shone on the departing fleet:  
Nemesis invoked, the priest held the poisoned cup.”

Mr. WARD, the octogenarian Academician, has taken his subjects chiefly from the Gospel this year. We refrain from entering on their claims as works of art, but we think the evidence of mental acuteness in the intention of *The Look to Peter* (679), worthy of note.

The crown of thorns is converted into a “crown of glory;” it being assumed, as explained in the catalogue, “that the eye of the mind of Peter was impressed with what he had seen upon Mount Tabor.” In other words, the Saviour is imagined as appearing to Peter who “knew not the man,” visibly Godlike, to rebuke him.

Mr. HART, an artist with whose performances we cannot profess any particular sympathy, shows to more advantage than usual in *The Rejoicing of the Law* (106), a Jewish ceremonial. Mr. CHARLES LANDSEER and Mr. JONES have been happy in selection of subjects; the former exhibiting *Æsop* (215,) writing his fables, surrounded by many of his *dramatis personæ*, the peacock, the monkey, the fox, the tortoise, &c., worked out, however, commonly enough; the latter having seized on the grand biblical passage, “*Two women shall be grinding together; the one shall be taken and the other left. Two men shall be in the field; the one shall be taken and the other left*,” only to compress his rendering (149), into limits totally inadequate, in any hands, to convey the subject. Mr. UWIN's *Psyche* (151,) is an instance of bad taste in treatment, as is his sketch, *Holy Romuald and the Devil*, in both the treatment and the thing treated; nor can we except from the same condemnation the works, generally, of Mr. ABRAHAM COOPER, and his pun, *the dear alive and the deer deceased*. Our readers are requested to laugh; but, if they cannot at a moment's notice, we beg to refer them to the picture itself (No. 29.) There is a study by ETTY, *The Toilet* (276), of about equal merit to the majority of those he had been accustomed to exhibit of late years.

To be continued.

#### TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

THE Vernon pictures will not be removed to Marlborough House until the Government Commission of Inquiry into the accommodation afforded by the National Gallery shall have made its report.—It is proposed to present a memorial to Government for the purchase of the Cottingham collection as the basis of a metropolitan museum of Mediæval and other styles of architecture, and those branches of art more immediately connected with it.—By order of the President of the French Republic a statue in bronze is to be erected to M. Gay Lussac. It will be placed in the neighbourhood of one of the amphitheatres where he gave lectures.—Mr. Gibson, R.A., Mr. Dyce, R.A., Lord Colborne, Mr. Newton, Dr. Waagen, M. Passavant, and M. Eugene Lami, have been invited to award the prizes to be struck for the medals on the occasion of the Exhibition of 1851.

—The price of admission to the Exhibition of Antient and Mediæval Art, at the rooms of the Society, of Arts in the Adelphi, is reduced to threepence. This change is for the laudable purpose of allowing artisans and mechanics working in the branches of art and manufacture exhibited an opportunity of comparing the works of former days with their own.—In the *Art Journal* for April is published the following statement of the number of pictures imported into the United Kingdom in the year 1849:—from Prussia, 34; Germany, 1,066; Holland, 1,946; Belgium, 2,420; France, 3,498; Spain and Portugal, 326; Italy, 1,723; other countries, 1,678; total 12,691.—The 245 designs sent in for the great building to be erected in Hyde Park for the Industrial Exhibition of 1851 are being exhibited together, at the House of the Institution of Civil Engineers in Great George-street, Westminster. *The Builder* says, “The construction of the dome, 200 feet in diameter, though of light sheet iron, will be no joke. We may remind the reader that it will be nearly double the size of our St. Paul's dome, which is about 112 feet in diameter. The dome of St. Peter's, at Rome, is 139 feet in diameter, and that of the Pantheon 142 feet. The central hall will be a polygon of sixteen sides, four of which will open into gardens reserved around it. Its main walls will be of brick, and about 60 feet high.”

#### DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The grand original opera of *La Tempesta* has increased nightly in attraction. The great artistes employed in it have now matured their first conceptions of the characters, and the important operatic work approaches as nearly to perfection as any effort can be supposed to do. To vary, however, the attractions of Her Majesty's Theatre, and to afford fitting opportunities to those other remarkable



talents that are not engaged in the illustration of *La Tempesta*, a combination has been effected for Thursday next, which will unite the entire force of this great establishment. It is well known that CIMAROSA's opera of *Il Matrimonio Segreto* is a work redolent of delicious melody, and profuse of masterly instrumentation, and which, upon its first hearing by the Emperor JOSEPH and his court, was re-demanded in its entirety by the illustrious patron of the composer. The lyrical personages on Thursday will present an *ensemble* never before witnessed upon any stage. LABLACHE will enact his great character of the old deaf Geronimo, the part in which he made his *début* before an English audience; the three sisters will be entrusted to the three great *prime donne*, SONTAG, PARODI, and FREZZOLINI. Independently of this signal attraction, the last act of *Anne Bolena* will be given for PARODI, under the special superintendence of her gifted tutress, the renowned PASTA, and GARDONI will be the Percy. That the operatic cup may be filled to overflowing, COLETTI will appear in the last scene of the *Two Foscari*. In the ballet, there will be selections from *Emeralda*, with CARLOTTA GRISI and the *piquante* "Truandaise," and the Ice Ballet, with its quaint devices, and the extraordinary dancing of AMALIA FERRARIS. Such a combination is certainly beyond all former precedent, and cannot fail to draw together one of the best audiences of the season.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—VIARDOT has returned, and *Le Prophète* has been received with increased success, and with decidedly better execution than last year. All are more perfect, and VIARDOT, if possible, more energetic and impassioned. It is drawing crowded houses spite of the hot weather.

VAUXHALL GARDENS.—The annual *fête* in commemoration of the battle of Waterloo was celebrated with all the honours which the resources of this place of amusement could produce, and was attended by a vast concourse of company. Amongst the company were the Earl of Chesterfield, the Marquis of Douro, the Marquis of Worcester, the Earl of Enniskillen, the Earl of Shelburne, Lords Dillon, Clifden, Hinton, &c.

#### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

##### GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

Mrs. LOUDON has ceased to edit *The Ladies' Companion*.—Mr. W. H. Prescott, the historian, arrived from the United States at Mivart's Hotel, last week. —Rumour prevails to the effect that the Post-Laureateship is to be conferred on Mr. Leigh Hunt, and many of our contemporaries have urged this appropriation.—The American journals announce the departure of the Expedition equipped by Mr. Grinnell for the purpose of seeking for Sir John Franklin.—The directors of the British Institution at their last meeting voted the sum of 100*l.* to the funds now raising towards carrying into effect the Great Exhibition of Industry. The corporations over England are likewise coming forward with contributions.—At a meeting of the commissioners for printing State Papers recently held, it was resolved to publish accurate calendars of the Domestic Papers preserved in the State Paper Office, commencing with the reign of Edward the Sixth, and extending to the close of the reign of Elizabeth.—The meetings held at the house of Mr. Justice Coleridge for the purpose of initiating a subscription to do honour to the memory of Wordsworth, have resulted in the formation of a powerful committee, with the Bishop of London at its head. The objects which this committee have in view are:—to place a whole-length effigy of the deceased poet in Westminster Abbey,—and, if possible, to erect some monument to his memory in the neighbourhood of Grasmere. The list of subscriptions is headed by the Queen and her Royal Consort, with a sum of 50*l.*—The Archaeological Institute commenced the proceedings of its anniversary meeting on Tuesday last at Oxford:—Mr. Sidney Herbert giving up the chair of the institution to the Marquis of Northampton for the coming year. Among the visitors there are some eminent names connected with literature and art.—We postpone our notice of these proceedings until they shall have been brought to a close.

The second volume of Eugene Sue's last novel, *Les Enfants de l'Amour*, has appeared. It is simply a novel, without any of M. Sue's recent excursions into

the regions of philosophy and philanthropy.—The last *Revue des Deux Mondes* introduces a new authoress—a Dutchwoman. This is Mademoiselle Toussaint, whose historical romance, *Leycester in Nederland*, is very flatteringly spoken of by M. J. J. Ampere.—The Geological Society of France will hold its annual meeting this year at Mans,—commencing on the 25th of August.—The Minister of Public Instruction in France has appointed a mixed commission to inquire into the questions connected with the formation of a general catalogue of the books and manuscripts in the National Library.—The movement against literary piracy continues to gain ground. Quite recently, the publishers of Switzerland, in one of their great trade meetings, resolved to press on the Federal Government the necessity of taking decisive measures for putting an end to the scandal.

*Galignani's Messenger* conveys a very interesting piece of literary intelligence. It may be remembered that Goethe, in 1827, delivered over to the keeping of the Government of Weimar a quantity of his papers, contained in a sealed casket, with an injunction not to open it until 1850. The 17th of May being fixed for breaking the seals, the authorities gave formal notice to the family of Goethe that they would on that day deliver up the papers as directed by the deceased poet. The descendants of the poet Schiller also received an intimation that, as the papers were understood to concern their ancestor likewise, they had a right to be present. The casket was opened with all due form, and was found to contain the whole of the correspondence between Goethe and Schiller. It is added, that these letters are immediately to be published according to directions, found in the casket.—The college of Freyberg, consisting of the officers, students, &c., have issued an invitation to the mining world to partake in the commemoration about to be given in honour of this eminent member of the scientific world. It is intended that the commemoration should commence the 24th of September by an oration on the tomb of Werner; that, on the following day the centenary anniversary of his birth, the schools of mines, smelting works, and other institutions are to be visited by those joining in the commemoration. Parties desirous to attend must send into the committee their names before the end of August.

A large party of noblemen and gentlemen, consisting for the most part of Fellows of the Society of Antiquaries, assembled at Lord Lonsborough's mansion in Piccadilly on Monday afternoon, for the purpose of witnessing the interesting process of unrolling a mummy which had been recently brought from Thebes by Mr. Arden. The specimen was a very perfect one, and the richness of the case, with its gold embellishments and hieroglyphical characters, led to the belief that the investigation of the body, would reveal certain peculiarities not commonly met with in mummies of Egyptian preparation. The inscription on the external surface of the case was read thus, "Anchsenhesi," or "She who lives by Isis," thus at once determining the sex of the individual. Mr. Birch, previous to the ceremony of the denudation of the body read a short historical sketch, based upon the authority of Herodotus and Diodorus Siculus, but corrected by modern investigation and research, of the system adopted by the Egyptians in the complicated and expensive process of preserving their dead. The dusty labour of stripping off the family rags from this very brittle and bituminous old lady occupied the anxious antiquaries for nearly an hour, during which time many speculations were hazarded as to the result of the examination, for it happens frequently that nothing beyond the materials used in the process are found enrolled with the body. The first discovery was that of the dorsal strap of leather extending in a chevron shape from the nape of the neck to the lower part of the ribs, the lateral extremities being broader, and inscribed with certain characters descriptive of the family or individual rank, &c., of the deceased. These pieces were carefully preserved, but they did not appear to be of sufficient extent to lead to any important result. Presently after, a roll of papyrus was brought to light, inscribed with portions of the Egyptian ritual. The body being exposed, and the planch incision laid bare the tin plate covering, it was removed, and some further careful exploration revealed a very unusual feature—namely, a silver plate, inscribed with an eye, symbolical of the sun, over the region of the heart. The hands on removal proved to have been prepared with great care,

all the fingers being encased in silver previous to the application of the coating of bitumen. The figure Hapi or Apis was also found enveloped in linen bandages between the legs, and some grains of wheat were gathered from the folds of the mummy. The black process had been used, and, from the abundant rolls, as well as from the objects above enumerated, it was thought that the lady thus unceremoniously broken up to gratify the curiosity of modern antiquaries was one of wealth and rank, who lived from one thousand to twelve hundred years before Christ, or about three thousand years ago.

#### SCRAPS FROM THE NEW BOOKS.

EXECUTION OF A SLAVE.—I once saw a horrid sight—a black woman paraded on an ass about the streets of Alexandria, with her face turned to the tail, her shrivelled form exposed almost entirely to the public gaze, her woolly hair filled with bits of straw, her face buried in profound apathy. A man went before, proclaiming that she was a poisoner, and was about to meet with due punishment. Less than most people have I that morbid feeling which leads men to interest themselves in criminals and weep over the fate of a murderer, whilst they have no sympathy to spare for the victim. Yet I could not help experiencing a sentiment of indignation at beholding this miserable creature, whose intellect, crushed beneath the overwhelming load of circumstances had most probably never shed one single ray upon her conscience, not only devoted to a horrid death, but hooted and pelted by a fanatical rabble, which had never acknowledged her claim to be a human being until they doomed her to die. However, there she was, enjoying for the first time the privilege of a free-born person—being called to account for her actions, and condemned with all the form of oriental justice. For several hours the wretched being was paraded about, after which the executioners, with her own assistance, put her into a sack, and taking her out in a boat some distance to sea, threw her overboard.—*Two Years in a Levantine Family.*

SIR THOMAS MORE'S HOUSEHOLD.—The conduct of this great man's house was a model to all, and as near an approach to his own Utopia as might well be. Erasmus says, "I should rather call his house a school or university of christian religion, for there is none therein but readeth or studieth the liberal sciences; their special care is piety and virtue; there is no quarrelling or intemperate words heard; none seen idle; which household discipline that worthy gentleman doth not govern, but with all kind and courteous benevolence." The servant-men abode on one side of the house, the women on another, and met at prayer-time, or on church festivals, when More would read and expound to them. He suffered no cards or dice, but gave each one his garden-plot for relaxation, or set them to sing, or "play music." He had an affection for all who truly served him, and his daughter's nurse is as affectionately remembered in his letters when from home as are they themselves. "Thomas More sendeth greeting to his most dear daughters Margaret, Elizabeth and Cecily; and to Margaret Giggis as dear to him as if she were his own," are his words in one letter; and his valued and trustworthy domestics appear in the family pictures of the family by Holbein. They requited his attachment by truest fidelity and love; and his daughter Margaret, in her last passionate interview with her father on his way to the Tower, was succeeded by Margaret Giggis and a maid-servant, who embraced and kissed their condemned master, "of whom he said after, it was homely but very lovingly done." Of these and other of his servants, Erasmus remarks, "after Sir Thomas More's death, none ever was touched with the least suspicion of any evil fame."—Mrs. Hall, in *Art-Journal*.

MISS MARTINEAU'S MOTIVES IN GOING TO AMBLESIDE.—There was no reason why I should not live where I pleased. Five years and more of illness had broken all bonds of business, and excluded me from all connexion with affairs. I was free to choose how to begin life afresh. The choice lay between London, and pure country; for no one would prefer living in a provincial town for any reasons but such as did not exist for me. I love London; and I love the pure country. As for the choice between them now, I had some dread of a London literary life for both its moral and physical effects.

I was old enough to look forward to old age, and to have already some wish for quiet, and command of my own time. Moreover, every woman requires for her happiness some domestic occupation and responsibility,—to have some one's daily happiness to cherish; and a London lodging is poorly supplied with such objects; whereas, in a country home, with one's maids, and one's neighbours, and a weary brother or sister, or nephew, or niece, or friend, coming to rest under one's trees, or bask on one's sunshiny terrace, there is prospect of abundance of domestic interest. If I choose the country, I might as well choose the best; and this very valley was, beyond all controversy, the best. Here, I could write in the serene repose; here, I could rove at will; here, I could rest. Here, accordingly, I took up my rest; and I have never repented it, while my family and friends regard it as the wisest step I could take. I was so far cautious, that I engaged a lodging for half a year, to allow myself scope for a change of mind; but I was so far from changing my mind, that, before we were far into the summer, I was looking at any empty cottage I could hear of, which was at all likely to serve me as a permanent abode. In the midst of my search, my late host reminded me that the lowest rent would amount to as much as the interest of the sum which would build me a house of my own pleasing. I was struck with conviction; and immediately after, some land was offered for sale in the best possible situation. I could not get ready by the auction day, or I would have bid for the lot, which consisted of the green knoll I have mentioned before. I never doubted of its being bought up instantly. But, to my amusement and great satisfaction, this was the lot for which there were no bidders. I bought it, with two low lying lots below it, which I obtained by some critical negotiation and exchange; and before July was out, I was in possession of that knoll, and two acres of ground about it. The builder, John Newton, had received my plan of such a house as I should like, and had sent in his tender of a contract. In October the first sod was turned; and during the winter, the building went on.

### Births, Marriages and Deaths.

#### DEATHS.

**REYNOLDS.**—On the 7th June, at Fontainebleau, on his way to Italy, Frederick Manuel Reynolds, Esq., late of Wilton-house, St. Heliers, Jersey, author of "Miserrimus," &c., and eldest son of the late Frederick Reynolds, the celebrated dramatist.

**ZANDOMENEGHI.**—At Venice, aged 71, the sculptor Luigi Zandomenighi. For some years past this artist has been engaged on a magnificent monument to the memory of Titian,—which is left unfinished, it is said, by his death.

#### BOOKS WANTED TO PURCHASE.

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A considerable number of Williams' and Boden's Hymns (the latest edition would be preferred).

### BOOKS, MUSIC, AND WORKS OF ART

#### RECEIVED FOR REVIEW,

From June 1, to July 1, 1850.

SOME errors in delivery having occurred, we purpose, in future, to acknowledge the receipt of all Books, Music, and Works of Art forwarded for review, and which will be noticed with all convenient speed. Publishers and Authors are requested to apprise the Editor of any Works sent that may not appear in this List.]

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